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CONTENTS OF No. 25.

Pages 1 & 2.—O'Byrne; or, The Expatriated, by Mrs. J. Sadlier, (continued.) A Frenchman in Ireland. The Harp. Gholab Singh and Cashmere. The Catholic College of Louvain. The New Spanish Premier, &c.

Page 3.—Personal Recollections of O'Connell, by Wm. J. O'N. Daunt, Esq., (continued.) Presentation in Piermont. Interesting Relic. The British Murdering their own Camp Followers.

Pages 4 & 5.—Latest Irish News. Dr. Cahill's Letter. The Fall of Delhi.

Pages 6 & 7.—The Moore Testimonial. Foreign and Home Miscellany.

Pages 8 & 9.—Catholic Sentiment and the Indian Patriots. Walker Loose—Is the Government turned Filibuster? The Notorious Mrs. Decker in Court. Catholic Libraries and Reading Rooms. St. Martin's Day, (Poetry.) &c., &c., &c.

Page 10.—Cardinal de Berulle—His Life, his Writings, and his Times, (continued.)

Page 11.—Legends and Tales of Ireland, by Mrs. J. Sadlier—How the Queen of Leinster served Prince Cumascach, A. D. 593. "Night and Morning" in New Orleans. The *Atlantic Monthly*. Independence Day in Chili.

Pages 12 & 13.—The Religious Institutions of Quebec. Our London and Paris Correspondence. City News.

O'BYRNE;

OR,

THE EXPATRIATED.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(Continued from our last.)

It is of little consequence to our tale, whether on that his last night under his father's roof-tree, the slumbers of O'Byrne were sound or otherwise—the events which form our veracious narrative have long since sunk into forgetfulness—they are covered from our view by the almost impenetrable veil of years, then why should we pause now to tell the dreams which, perchance, flitted through the wanderer's mind. What imports it to us whether they were of happiness or misery, whether her pigmy majesty, Queen Mab, was pleased on that occasion, to present to his slumbering fancy the noisy din of the battle-field—"the pomp and circumstances of glorious war"—or, if she breathed upon his senses her faery spell, and transported him to her own moonlit haunts—the forest glade and the charmed ring! No, no! be it ours only to follow reality; therefore do we pass lightly over the dark hours of night, and again introduce O'Byrne to our readers, when at the earliest peep of dawn, he arose and making a hasty toilette, addressed himself to his journey, not, however, before he had for the last time partaken of the hospitality of Rory.

As a parting gift, the latter presented him with the silver cup or vase—an offering which O'Byrne decidedly refused, telling Rory to preserve it, if possible, as a relic of the family, now so utterly ruined, charging him at the same time, notwithstanding, never to hesitate about disposing of it, if he were at any time straitened for money.

"But, yourself, Master Philip?" inquired Poor Rory sadly, as he looked anxiously and fearfully into the face of his companion.

"Oh! as to me," replied O'Byrne carelessly, "I do not want money—I am even now a Captain of the Brigade, and we are well paid, my good friend!—there is no lack of gold in the French treasury, and Louis the Great is a right generous master!—so fear not for me! Farewell, Rory! We may never meet again, since there are now no ties remaining which might induce me to risk another visit to Carrig-na-buile!—you may, perchance, hear of me at some future day—and if so, the news will be either that Philip O'Byrne has won for himself a position befitting his ancient and honored name, or that he has died as an O'Byrne should, on the field of fame! Should the latter be the case there will be few or none to drop a tear to the memory of the departed, since the poor have but few friends when living, and still fewer to mourn them when dead—men in general seem to think that he who in life was guilty of the heinous sin of poverty is scarcely worth lamenting! Once more farewell—and may God requite your kindness!"

He proceeded a few steps without interruption, (for Rory was almost incapable of motion, so excessive was his grief,) when he turned, and called out, with a sort of histerical laugh, that sounded strange and unnatural—

"And, do you hear, Rory!—I trust that no wandering ghost who may hereafter terrify Patsey on the moor, shall prove to be a restless and disturbed O'Byrne—they might not all escape Scot-free from Carrig-na-buile, as I have done!"

Waving a parting salute to Rory, and taking a last look at the fortress, he drew his hat closely over his face (something after the fashion of the Spanish *sombrero*) and left with a firm and unwavering footstep "the green hills of his youth," without a hope of ever again beholding them. Rory on his part displayed much less fortitude than did O'Byrne—unknown alike and unfelt by him was that lofty desire of rising superior to affliction, together with that high and martial spirit which became a soldier of Louis le Grand, and which enabled O'Byrne to bear up against the severity of his fate. Poor Rory only knew that his master's noble name was forever lost to Ireland, and that if it ever attained distinction, it must be in the foreign land. He saw the last of his race whom his ancestors had so faithfully served, compelled to wander as an adventurer in a land where his nature commanded no respect, and he wept in the bitterness of sorrow.

Leaving O'Byrne to wend his weary way over moss and moor, upland and vale, in his perilous journey to the coast, we shall make but one step, and lo! we are in France!—"the chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance"—the hospitable land whose sons have so often extended the hand of brotherhood, and the kind welcome to our expatriated countrymen. Without pausing to view the strong walls of Calais, or even turning aside for a moment to look upon Agincourt, we shall pursue our onward path to a certain locality in the vicinity of Paris, where

"—the chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance"—

a portion of the Irish Brigade was then stationed. At the moment of our arrival the corps is on parade in the large square round which their quarters are situated. It was not strange that there should be an almost universal air of dignity in a body, the ranks of which were composed of the purest and best blood of a country, famous for its ancient aristocracy, and whose officers were the highest and proudest of Ireland's nobles—nor was it more surprising that they should one and all wear a look of sombre, nay, stern thoughtfulness; yet, of a surety, he who judged of their character and disposition by the outward semblance which they wore, would have been most egregiously mistaken, for in all that land so famous for the gay and careless manners of its sons, there was found no merrier or more jovial assembly than the *reunions* of the Irish Brigade. At the period of which we write, the President of the Mess was Count Thomond, who, though old in years, was still young in heart, notwithstanding the varied changes of his life, and there was none, not even the boldest youth of the corps, more ready to encourage a frolic, laugh at a jest, or make a daring charge on the foe, than was he on whose wrinkled but still lofty brow at least sixty summers had shone.

It was late in the forenoon, and immediately after parade the officers adjourned to the mess-room, as the early dinner-hour of that day was already approaching. The apartment was of lofty and spacious proportions, adorned with all the gorgeous splendor which so strongly characterized that age in France. The seats were covered with crimson velvet, and the windows were hung with the same costly material, fringed with gold lace. The long row of tables were loaded, moreover, with superb plate; in short everything around tended to prove that Louis knew how to value the services which at home were considered valueless.

So earnestly were the various groups engaged in conversation (it would appear that the subject was common to all, so universal was the interest depicted on the countenance of each,) that it was not till dinner had been thrice announced that the company repaired to their places around the table. The meal was one of comparative silence—doubtless it might have seemed noisy enough to a phlegmatic Dutchman, more especially to that corteous individual of that nation, who met at an inn two English gentlemen, one of whom spoke Dutch and was requested by his friend to convey his regrets to the Batavian that he could not enjoy his society in consequence of his ignorance of the other's language—"Oh!" replied the worthy Dutchman, "let him not disturb himself about that—I am very well satisfied, since it saves me the trouble of talking to him!" You will seldom meet an Irishman, however, who thinks it troublesome to use his organs of speech, and hence it was that the mess-table of the Irish Brigade seemed on the present occasion as if overhung by some passing cloud. All dinners must have an end, albeit that some among the "*elegants*" of our day seem to doubt the propriety of the fact, seeing that hours are spent by them in doing justice to the culinary science displayed by their French cooks in the preparation of a single repast. The dinner in question had a conclusion, however, and with the desert and wine came a sort of revival of animation, insomuch that when the venerable President arose to propose a toast, every glass was filled to the brim, and every eye brightened with expectation. "Come, lads!" exclaimed the gay old nobleman, "let us have a flowing bumper to one whom we all love, to one whom has given us a right hospitable welcome, and who honors us by rating our poor but faithful services at a high value—need I say that I would have ye drink a health to Louis le Grand, and may he long live to illustrate that glorious appellation!"

It was easy to see from the manner in which the toast was received, that Louis the Fourteenth was truly the protector of the exiled Hibernians—there was heartfelt and overflowing gratitude in the tone with which each repeated the illustrious name. Loudly and freely did the jest and merry laugh pass around—the rich and racy wit of their country seeming in truth to have lost nothing of its sparkling flow, when Clare again arose. "My brethren!" he commenced in a voice far different from its usual careless tone; and as he spoke he glanced around the spacious table, as if to include each one present within its fraternal address, "My brethren! I am about to give you another and a yet dearer toast (without lessening in aught our dutiful affection to our royal protector)—yes! gentlemen! one that will make the blood to boil in the most tepid bosom. We are expatriated men—we stand here the hirelings of a foreign prince—we—*we*—whose rightful place would be the front ranks of our country's armies—yes! but why is it so? Alas! we have been expelled from our own loved land by the strong arm of power—and what is our crime?" Here the speaker paused, as if awaiting an answer, but none came—it seemed as if the Angel of Death had overshadowed the assembly, so dead was the silence. A moment, and the speaker resumed—"Our crime, did I say?—oh! true—our crime—why 'tis merely that of remaining firm in the faith of our ancestors—and of daring to assert our claim to what all men should possess, undisturbed and undisputed liberty of conscience! For this, then, have we been hunted like animals of chase—for this are our ancestral halls crumbling to decay—or still worse, converted into strongholds for the mushroom nobility who enjoy our possessions! Yet, answer me, Irishmen! do ye love your country less for being so far removed. Oh! well I know that she is still dearer than the life-blood which fills your veins—then pledge me a brimming bumper to 'Ireland!'"

Instantaneous was the movement with which each sprang to his feet, and as the glasses were held a moment aloft, it might be that one fervent prayer arose from every heart, for there was a profound stillness. It was no ordinary emotion that agitated thus the haughty chieftains—(more haughty than ever it would seem in their banishment)—various were the features and expression—from the venerable president himself to the fresh and youthful countenances of those who must have been born in exile—but in all there was one unwearied look of stern and fierce anger—ay! and pale despair—as the cherished word—their country's name—fell upon the ear, accompanied as it was by the most soul-harrowing recollections. A moment given to silent remembrance, and then followed a loud and wild hurrah, and each manly voice joined in their own national war-cry of "Erin-go-bragh!" until the lofty arches of the hall rang again in reply.

The next toast given from the chair was "Our absent brethren"—to which many a voice added, "and Philip O'Byrne in particular." It was evident that our friend was a general favorite in the corps, from the fervor with which his name was pronounced. The conversation now turned on his visit to Ireland, of the result of which there was much apprehension, as the news had but that day arrived of the continued existence of the penal laws. Had the disappointed wanderer but known how kindly, nay, warmly, his name was received, and his prospects discussed by those whose good opinion was now his highest wealth, he would have been assuredly somewhat reconciled to his fate.

In the evening again when the officers assembled the heavy drapery was drawn closely athwart the windows, and from the numerous table-lamps of richly chased silver gleamed forth a flood of mellow light, while around sat Ireland's noblest and most honored chiefs. Many a name that has long since taken a distinguished place in the page of history, was there bandied about in jest, and spoken with all that careless familiarity which ever distinguishes the soldier. Some of the principal leaders of the Brigade had already passed away. Sarsfield and Mountcashel were no more, but there still remained many of the bravest of their compeers. Dillon and Galmoy and Burke, and the gallant Clare were still at the head of their respective regiments, and some of them were present that evening. The hero of Cremona, the brave and chivalrous O'Mahony was there too, and he was the lion of the hour, having added the latest leaf to the laurels of the glorious Brigade.*

One of the most interesting personages present, however, was the gay old president himself, on whom time seemed to leave but little im-

* When this distinguished officer was sent to Paris bearing despatches relative to the affair at Cremona, Louis the Fourteenth having heard his account of the attack and defence of the place, said to him with a smile (being already aware of the part played by the Irish): "But you have said nothing of my Irish soldiers." "They fought in conjunction with your Majesty's other subjects," replied O'Mahony, with the modesty of a truly brave man.

pression, for his stout and muscular proportions were still unaltered—his cheerful and somewhat rubicund visage testified no traces of infirmity; his speech was still bold and animated, and his laugh rang as merrily and as boisterously as in his younger days. Yet notwithstanding the high bearing of the veteran noble you could never have dreamed, had you not been previously apprised of the fact, that in him you beheld the scion of a royal line—the lineal descendant of "Brien the Brave," one of the heads of the noble house of O'Brien, then a mercenary soldier of France.

But why pause to enumerate these proud and ancient names, or describe the peculiar semblance worn by each? What though many of the individuals there present were bold, and young, and handsome—well qualified withal to shine in courts as well as camps! Alas! their names are long since forgotten—others have usurped the estates and titles of those chivalrous nobles—they fought, and bled, and died for *France*—not for Ireland, and

"On far foreign fields from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

Suffice it to say that all seemed to have met there on the same vantage-ground—the old, unbending from their martial dignity and command, to mingle with the young in cheerful intercourse, and the hours passed unheeded, while

"Laugh, and song, and sparkling jest went round."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FRENCHMAN IN IRELAND.

A correspondent of the *Constitutionnel*, a French paper, has been lately in Ireland, and has forwarded to that journal a series of papers on the social condition of the country, and of its inhabitants. We give the following interesting extracts from the first of those papers, as we find them in the columns of the *Nation:*

THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

The Gulf or Bay of Dublin is of great extent. On the north it is sheltered by the Hill of Howth, while to the south the eye rests upon the beautiful mountains of Wicklow, weaving a scarf of mist in lieu of the eternal snows which diadem Mount Blanc. After passing several small Islands, Lambay, which is a lofty mountain, Dalkey, glittering in the sunshine, another which is called Ireland's Eye, because posted like a sentinel amidst the waves—it keeps, as it were, a look-out on England, we enter the little port of Kingstown, the rendezvous of war-ships and packet-boats of every description belonging to the government, or to the various steam companies. Kingstown is like a maritime faubourg of Dublin, and is also the favorite place of Villaggiature, its St. Germain, its Auteuil, its Passy, but an Auteuil with rocks—a Passy on the sea shore. As to St. Germain, it would find here three terraces to its one, with many stone-houses ranged one above the other, and little white vilas shaded by green trees, all neat, smiling, coquettish, and free from that monotonous regularity which renders an English town like a chess-board, with houses for pieces and men for pawns. Here is a cottage-like station house, and a short railroad which takes you—the train stopping almost every hundred yards—in about twenty minutes, into the heart of the city. To visit a country with fairness, we should put aside all we had previously heard, the good as well as the evil, for prejudice is like a bandage on the eyes, and Love alone is privileged to be blind. To the rest of E rope little is known of Ireland save her sorrows. For ages her complaint has been heard, and the voice of her Tribune resounding amidst the storm, beside her lakes, on her hilltops, has found an echo in the soul of every one who listens to the plaint of nations. I will, however, banish those recollections, and visit Ireland like a strange land, whose beauties and whose sorrows are to me alike unknown.

DUBLIN AT THE FIRST GLANCE.

I must premise that the first aspect of Dublin did not justify my secret apprehensions. I found a city full of noise, bustle, life, light and gaiety. Scarce had I come out of the Station when I was hailed by a score of cabmen, whose dress was, perhaps, a little neglected, not to say ragged; but a slight commencement of corpulency showed that the reign of famine was long over. My modest portmanteau now became the object of a lively controversy between a pair of disputants, each of whom wished to get hold of it, but, having decided in favor of the first possessor, I clambered on an *outside car* raised about five feet above the earth, and, at the first "whoop!" of the driver, the thin, but vigorous little horse set off at a gallop, and we were presently rolling over the Macadamized pavement of a wide street, between rows of houses, loftier and handsomer than those of London. After a drive of about five minutes, we reached Carlisle-bridge, and the driver, stopping of his own accord, and turning to me cried—

"Here's where you should view Dublin. Look round you; right, left, before, behind, on every side it is beautiful. Dublin is a beautiful city."

Beautiful indeed! and the *coup d'œil* from Carlisle bridge, which is virtually the centre of the city, exhibits the fairest and most magnificent views on every side. Five or six public edifices—the Bank, the Custom-house, the Post-office, and the Law Courts—admirably situated and fulfilling all the requirements of architectural decorations, look as if placed there expressly to please the eye. Sackville street is wider than the Boulevard de Italiens, and Nelson's Pillar, a sort of Irish Column Vendome, placed in its centre, facilitates the measurement of its extent. The Liffey, whose waters have given its name to Dublin, divides the city into two nearly equal parts. A motley crowd of idlers and men of business, of loungers, lawyers, soldiers, and nurses with children, covered the granite quays. Large ships riding at anchor, the sails folded to the mast, like the wing of a tired bird, were waiting to be reloaded to sail again while a troop of wandering musicians offered a concert in the open air to the *Dilettanti* populace. This is what I saw of Dublin, passing through it at a hand gallop. I hastened to install myself temporarily at the principal hotel, which would be first-class in London or at Paris; and with the intention of delivering letters of introduction, I forthwith commenced my explorations on foot. To me there is a great charm in the first familiar investigation of an unknown city, when a walk to the end of the street becomes a voyage of discovery.

FIRST IMPRESSION.

The first thing that strikes the traveller arriving in Dublin is that the dress of the men is much less correct than in London; and, on the other hand, the ladies' toilette is more elegant and in better taste. The aspect of the two cities is quite as unlike. In London people run, in Dublin they walk; and on the footway you are not pushed and jostled about and elbowed by that busy breathless crowd, which makes way with its arms as much as with its legs. It is easy to see that we are in a Capital, but not in a commercial city; the warehouses, which are very rich, the shops, which are very fine, are nearly all devoted to articles of luxury. There are music shops, booksellers—rarely have I seen so many of these—jewellers, tailors, milliners—it is rare to meet with a grocer or baker; in a word, the useful gives place to the agreeable, the superfluous seems to have taken the place of the necessary. This is said to be one of the distinctive traits of the Irish character, and I must say that it struck me from the first, it is remarkable all through Dublin, and I am sure the word *comfortable* has not here the same value, and, above all, not the same signification that it has in England. This impression is owing also, in some measure, to the circumstance that it is the modern portion of the city—the abode of the aristocracy, of birth, and especially that of money—which is first seen by the traveller; but I did not stop here. I intend, even in Dublin, to view that veritable Ireland, to which the civilization of the nineteenth century has not yet penetrated, and which, it is said, the progress of the day has not carried forward in its irresistible movement.

THE "CITE DOLENTE."

I left, therefore, the new city, quitting the quarter of riches and luxury, and leaving behind me the Castle—Talbot Tower, over which floated the "Union Jack," I entered the *Cite dolente* of those who know hunger and thirst. I cannot assert that I passed half a day here without having my heart pained. No. These things are to be seen there still. Poverty has still her abode in Ireland. The words of Christ will weigh down the earth till the end of time—"The poor you will always have," said the Son of Man. There I saw families too large in houses too small; but is it not even so at Manchester, Liverpool, London, and even at Paris? I saw women in rags, men scarcely clothed, children the same. I saw men living from hand to mouth, without any visible resource, far from having anything put by; but is not that the common lot, and, if I may say so, the normal condition, in some respects, of our fellow-creatures in all great agglomerations of mankind? In a word, the poverty which is now seen at Dublin is pretty much the same as may be seen all over the civilized world, and that is a progress for Dublin, which has been for centuries the receptacle of every description of woe, and misery, and indigence—there, as elsewhere, persons in easy circumstances have been found equal to their duty and charity—public and private—has been as large as the misery it had to succor. Great things have been accomplished; still greater are being achieved, and Ireland is advancing towards her regenerations. Groups of famishing beggars are no longer seen on the steps of her public buildings or beneath the porches of her churches, and although no one has dared to proscribe alms-giving in a country where poverty has been recognized as a social fact, the streets are no longer saddened by those processions of hungry faces and emaciated forms, which a little while ago pained the eye of the traveller powerless to relieve. Amongst all classes—even those most cruelly tried—a powerful vitality is to be seen, and on all sides is perceptible a generous effort to resume lost rank, to reform life, and to merit fortune.

AN INCIDENT ON CARLISLE BRIDGE.

On the very morning of my arrival in Dublin I met on Carlisle bridge a young woman, beautiful, notwithstanding the traces of recent suffering. She looked sad and wore mourning weeds, but her brow was proud, and in her eyes the fire of youth had dried up the tears. She was seated in one of those low open phaetons used by persons of all classes. The plume of her beaver hat touched her cheek and the waves of her dark hair, while almost standing up in the carriage, she drove intrepidly a pair of hacks, which bounded along at her light touch.

Here, said I, is the poetic but faithful picture of Ireland. Beautiful, sad, bearing on her brow the *stigma* of her sufferings, but in her eye the germ of a new life.

I have devoted some of these latter years to suffering nations—having visited Italy, Hungary, Poland, Bohemia—and, from Venice to Pesth, from Prague to Warsaw, I have seen races of mankind who believe they are entitled to complain of their fate—but none have inspired such lively sympathy as this noble country—whose sufferings have been unmerited—so that the pity she inspires is what is felt for those who are overcome by Destiny. I will carefully seek for the symptoms of her regeneration. To falling nations let us give a regretful pity; but with heart and hand let us salute those that were and will again be free.

THE HARP.

Of all the musical instruments that have touched the ear and the heart of mankind, since Mercury gave his shell to Apollo, the harp stands foremost. Exquisitely beautiful as is the spirit of its chords, when struck by the hand of a master, the glory of its renown lies in associations and memories, tender and sacred, connecting it with the earliest history of our race, and with the most romantic and poetic ages of the past. When the oppressors of Israel asked for a song from the dark eyed daughters of their captives, as they sat weeping by the waters of Babylon, they pointed to their harps, "hung upon the willows," and their soul refused a song of joy. The national instrument might wail a psalm of sorrow to lighten the weariness of captivity, and to recall memories of home, but it had no jubilant strain to gladden the heart of a conqueror, while the "chosen people" sat in bondage.

But there were exultant strains in the harp when David touched its strings, and danced before the ark; or when the feet of Miriam moved obedient to its harmonies. The harp, too, was exultant in the hands of the Northern Skald, as he celebrated the triumphs of his Jarl, or sounded the praise and majesty of his gods in the halls of Wodin, or on the mountain tops consecrated to Thor. There the white-haired and white-robed bard sang to the music of the harp the history of heroes and races, the glory of religion, and the splendors of the immortal state. The wandering Romans, approaching the shore of Britain, thus beheld the priests and poets of a religion anterior to Christ, piling sacrificial fires, and invoking the aid of their deities against the invading Cæsar. In all Northern Europe the harp sounded in banquet hall and camp, at the Druid's altar, and at the head of the embattled host. The harper was historian, eulogist, priest, and seer.

Kings were harpists of old. The Psalmist-monarch uttered his rejoicing and sorrow to the music of the harp. The great Alfred, of Britain, found in his harp a ready key to the camp and tent of the conqueror of his country, and while he charmed the ear of the Dane as he quaffed his mead, he also espied the weakness of a foe, who, ere another dawn, felt the fair hand of the royal harper victoriously grasping the battle-axe and the sword. And the great conqueror, Brian Boroihme, a king by might and by right—not heavier were his death-dealing blows on the "Field of the Green Banner," Clontarf, than were his fingers light and wizzard when he touched that harp which Ireland still treasures among her relics, and which Bochra claimed to have touched to please the ear of a Saxon king. And who has not fancied hearing, in some reverie of the soul over the fall and sorrow of nations, the strains of that mightier harp, viewless, but living and immortal—

The harp that hung in Tara's halls.

Rude or perfected, in all nations the harp has had a home and a welcome. The Hebrew, the Scandinavian, the Cimbrian, and the Celt have held it hallowed. Saints, pilgrims, and heroes have been solaced by it, and we are taught that, ascending to higher glories, the angels of God strike celestial melodies from its strings. It is not strange, then, with such a history upon earth, and such a prophecy and faith attached to its future, that the harp is become a chosen and universal, as it is a sacred instrument amongst men.

GHOLAB SINGH AND CASHMERE.

The death of Maharajah Gholab Singh, which occurred on the 2nd of August, is an event of importance in Indian politics. He was always a staunch friend to the English, but his heirs are well known to be the reverse, and in a few mails more we shall probably hear of stirring events in that kingdom, which forms their north-eastern frontier towards Thibet. A short sketch of that remarkable country may therefore not prove unacceptable at the present time.

It is about as large as England, lies north-east of the Punjaub, and east of Cabul and Persia. Towering mountains surround the beautiful valleys, which, according to Bernier and others, were once the actual site of Eden; and which Abul Fazl has described as the "garden of perpetual spring." The interior is only accessible by twelve passes, of which four are available throughout the year, the remainder being blocked up with snow from November till April. The climate is salubrious and similar to that of the south of England; but even in the interior snow covers the ground from December to March. The hottest day in summer does not exceed 85 degrees in the shade. The grandeur and splendor of Cashmere scenery results from the sublimity of the huge, enclosing mountains, the picturesque beauty of the various gorges, and the numerous lakes and streams which irrigate and fertilize the country.

The population is less than a million, and are the finest race on earth. The women especially are most beautiful, their features are often of classical purity; their complexion is fresh, and but slightly tinged with that olive hue, which forms an additional charm in the eyes of the connoisseurs of the East. The men are powerfully built, and warlike. The language derived from the Sanscrit is the most discordant of all idioms, of which the natives are aware, for they delight in Persian poetry and literature, especially in the songs of Hafiz.

Runjeet Singh, the last of the celebrated Sikh rulers, conquered Cashmere in 1819. An unprovoked aggression by the British in 1845 led to hostile operations, which resulted in the annexation of Lahore, when a treaty was concluded, by which Cashmere was ceded as an independent possession to Gholab Singh. The army of the late Maharajah consisted of about 1,200 artillery, 2,000 cavalry, and 20,000 infantry, exclusive of an irregular force, furnished by feudal chiefs. Whether this army will now be turned against England, or whether internal dissensions will paralyze its power, remains to be seen. The former is probable. Even Dost Mahommed might not despise a razzia at this opportune time.

THE CATHOLIC COLLEGE OF LOUVAIN.

The course of studies at the Catholic University of Louvain for the academic year of 1857–'58 was solemnly opened on the 7th October. The Mass of the Holy Ghost was sung, according to custom, by the Rector of the University, in the magnificent Church of St. Peter. The number of students inscribed for the present year amounts to 693. During the last year, 1856–'7, the university was attended by 619 students. It is to be seen, therefore, already that the total number of students of the present year will exceed considerably that of 1856–'7.—*Foreign Exchange Paper.*

To an Irishman, the bare mention of Louvain should awaken a host of solemn but glorious recollections. Founded in the year 1616, by Florence Conroy, Archbishop of Tuam, under the patronage of St. Anthony, of Padua, (the first stone being laid by the Archduke Albert, Governor General of the Netherlands, and son-in-law of Philip the Second,) it continued for many years the source from which issued most of the great lights who adorned Irish literature during the seventeenth century. Ward, Colgan, O'Clery the chief of the "Four Masters," Peter Walsh, Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns, all studied there. Within its precincts was established an Irish press, from which emanated a number of religious, historical and elementary treatises, to whose pages scholars in after years resorted for reference and information; and there too, under a marble monument, inscribed with a fitting epitaph in Latin, repose the ashes of its illustrious founder, side by side with those of Ward, Colgan and O'Clery.

THE NEW SPANISH PREMIER.

Don Francisco Armero y Peneranda entered the Spanish navy in 1822. He was a midshipman when the civil war between the partizans of Queen Christina and those of Don Carlos broke out, and at the second siege of Bilboa by the Carlists he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and at the third siege to that of captain; this last rank was the reward for the bravery and skill he displayed in going up and down the river of Bilboa with his vessel, under fire of the enemy, in order to carry reinforcements to the city. He afterwards obtained further rank, and commanded the naval division of Catalonia. In 1840, when Minister of Marine, he accompanied the Queen Regent and Queen Isabella to Valencia. After the events of Barcelona, which compelled the Queen Regent to quit Spain, he retired from political life, and did not return to it until 1843, when he was made Minister of Marine in the first Cabinet presided over by Marshal Narvaez, and afterwards filled the same post in that of which M. Isturitz was President. In 1848 M. Armero, who was then vice-admiral, was appointed to the command of the Spanish squadron at Cuba. On his return to Spain he was named to the post of Minister of Marine in the Bravo-Murillo Cabinet, which office he resigned a short time before the dissolution of the Ministry.

In 1855 he attained by seniority the rank of Captain General, or Admiral of the Fleet. Admiral Armero has, therefore, owed, his advancement solely to his military and administrative services, and from the frankness and moderation of his character he enjoys the highest consideration in Spain. He is closely united by conformity of principles and political feelings, as well as by long standing personal friendship, to M. Mon, now Spanish ambassador at Rome, and his first act was to summon that diplomatist to Madrid, in order to obtain his assistance in the formation of the new Cabinet.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.—A Pontiac correspondent of the Ottawa *Tribune* says: "The late contest in this county has had the effect of awakening all Catholics—Irish and French Canadian—to a proper sense of danger for their liberties and their lives, arising out of the atrocious and illegal acts of the Orangemen of Clarendon.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXV.

A "Good-natured Bishop"—Carlow Agitation—Methodist Confessions—St. Mullins—The Contract for Coffins—Father Sheehy—the Carlow Election—Pathetic Appeal from an exasperated Agitator.

Mr. O'Connell was fond of discussing the Puseyite movement. He looked on the Puseyite leaders as the advanced guard of the Catholic religion in England. I think that I have elsewhere mentioned, that he termed them "the pioneers of Catholicity."

Speaking of the Established Church in Ireland, and the contrast between its past and present ministers, he related an incident illustrative of episcopal "good nature." A Mr. Barry, brother of Lord Barrymore, had, in the course of the last century, been desirous to qualify himself, by taking orders, for the enjoyment of an excellent living in the gift of his lordship. The bishop to whom he applied for ordination had expressed some fears that Barry's theological knowledge was not sufficient for the ordinary duties of the pulpit, and recommended further study to the postulant. Not long afterwards, Barry was ordained, and appointed to the living. A friend who knew him intimately, asked how he had contrived to get over his examination? "Oh, very well indeed," replied the Reverend Mr. Barry. "The bishop was very good-natured, and did not puzzle me with many questions." "But what *did* he ask you?" inquired the other. "Why, he asked me who was the great Mediator between God and man, and I made a rough guess, and said it was the Archbishop of Canterbury."

It is satisfactory to think, that at the present day it would not be easy to find such a specimen as this of episcopal "good nature."

Talking of modern works of fiction, he highly praised Bulwer's "Night and Morning." "I like that book," said he; "I read it with very great interest. I think it is the only one of Bulwer's novels in which a w—— does not figure as one of the leading characters. That is a decided improvement. But he has made a great legal blunder. He requires his reader to suppose that Philip Beaufort has no mode of establishing his own legitimacy except by producing the certificate, or the registry, of his parent's marriage. Here is a great mistake. Philip's mother would have been a sufficient witness in her son's behalf. Philip need only have levied distress on the estate for his rents; and if his right to do so had been contested, his mother's evidence of his legitimacy would have been received in any court of law as conclusive in establishing his right. It is a great mistake. This comes of men writing of matters they know nothing about. Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer, and always avoided such errors."

In June, 1841, O'Connell, Steele, John O'Connell, and Mr. Thomas Reynolds, went down to the county Carlow to canvass the electors for the Liberator's youngest son and Mr. Yates. They remained several weeks. I joined the canvassing party for four or five days, and then returned to Dublin to assist in the management of the Repeal Association.

During my short stay in the county Carlow, our party proceeded to agitate the barony of St. Mullins, a remote and secluded corner of the county, into which the canvassers had not previously penetrated.

This barony is situated about twenty miles from the town of Carlow, and the road passes through scenes of wood, and hill, and valley, as beautiful as any in the central parts of Ireland. The domain of the Kavanaghs, at Borris, seems intended by nature as the fastness of an Irish chieftain, with its ancient woods of oak, the wild, steep hills in its vicinity, and the noble castellated gateway leading into the park—no paltry, imitative Gothic, but designed in pure and admirable taste.

The carriage was occupied by O'Connell, his son John, Father Maher, of Carlow, and myself. In the morning there had been a profession at the convent, and crowds had attended to see the novice take the veil. The mention of this circumstance led O'Connell to talk of Catholicity, and the devotion of the Irish to their faith.

"Ireland," said he, "is fulfilling her destiny—that of Catholicising other nations. Wherever a few exiled Irish get together, the first thing they think of is, to procure the ministration of a priest for their little community. Thus a nucleus of Catholicism is formed, and the surrounding inhabitants are attracted; first, by curiosity; then they are led to inquire; and, finally, several will end by embracing the faith. It is these little colonies of Irish who have largely helped to diffuse Catholicity through England."

Mr. Maher spoke of O'Connell's letters to the Methodists. "A Tory gentleman told me," said he, "that the first of those letters drove the iron three inches deep into Methodism; but the second drove it in beyond the possibility of being extracted."

Mr. Maher gave some interesting details of a meeting of Methodists at which he had been present in Liverpool. He was on a visit with some English friends, not Methodists, whose curiosity induced them to obtain admission to the Methodistic orgies by the following expedient: Persons unpossessed of tickets were denied ingress, as the meeting was to be strictly select, and confined to "classed," or "banded" members. One of the Englishmen got up a mock quarrel with the door-keepers, and whilst the attention of the latter was thus engaged the rest of the party walked in without hindrance. A preacher exhorted all who were present to confess their sins openly. Several persons, upon this exhortation, successively got up, declaring they were moved to lay open their guiltiness; but it somehow happened that in the course of their "confessions" not one of them revealed a single fault. On the contrary, they all made boastful declarations that God had kept them wholly free from sin since their last public confession. According to their own account, a more stainless, spotless set of Christians were not in existence! After each triumphant revelation of individual purity, the whole assembly set up a loud chorus of "Glory be to the Lamb! Glory be to the Lamb!"

Talking thus, we arrived at St. Mullins. The fair-green was the destined scene of action. The place possesses a remarkably wild and secluded appearance, from the hills that encircle it on all sides. The fair-green occupies a height overhanging the Barrow, beyond which ascends a steep high bank, covered with oak copse. The day was extremely wet, and seemed, therefore, unfavorable for the purpose of the agitators. The people, also, were new to political agitation, and therefore did not receive us with the same alacrity of welcome which our countrymen elsewhere had displayed. O'Connell began by detailing the horrors of Orange domination; he then quoted passages from a document recently put forth for electioneering purposes by the Protestant Association of Great Britain, in which some good, round abuse was bestowed upon the Catholic religion. Of this document, O'Connell made admirable use. When the people heard the language of malignant hatred in which the religion they loved and venerated was spoken of by the Tory associates—when O'Connell pointed out to them that these wholesale revilers of their faith were the party of whom Bruen, the Orange candidate, was the ardent partizan, their spirits were aroused; their hearts were touched, and they testified their rising enthusiasm by a louder cheer than had ever been heard before in that wild and isolated spot.

Whilst O'Connell declaimed against Bruen and Toryism, a Mr. Doyne, agent to the Kavanagh estate, was busily endeavoring to carry off a number of freeholders from the fair-ground, in order to put them out of reach of the dangerous orator's influence. Instantly the multitude rushed to the rescue. Doyne took flight, pursued by crowds, who felt indignant at the audacity of his interference with the constitutional rights of the electors. He might have been ducked in the river, or otherwise maltreated, if Mr. John O'Connell had not rushed to preserve him from violence, and, in fact, thrown himself between the pursuers and the pursued. Thus protected, Doyne got safely off, carrying along with him a few timid and terrified electors.

We dined at the cottage of the parish priest, which is situated on the slope of a hill, and commands a beautiful reach of the winding Barrow. O'Connell, in the course of the evening, told the following anecdote of Colonel Bruen's father:

"Old Bruen," said he, "started in life with extremely limited finances, and derived his wealth chiefly from successful and lucrative commissariat contracts in America. He also got a contract for supplying coffins for the soldiers who died very fast from too free a use of new rum. The coffin contract he turned to excellent account, by the novel device of making *one* coffin serve the defunct of a whole company. He had a sliding bottom to the coffin, which was withdrawn when over the grave, into which the deceased occupant then dropped, and was instantly earthed up, leaving the coffin quite available for future interments. As the worthy contractor checked his own accounts, he is said to have availed himself of all his contracts to an extent which, in the present day, would be impossible, and which *is* almost incredible."

The election took place in July. Mr. William John O'Connell, of London, had come over to assist his friends; and having sustained some ferocious impertinence from a military bully, he immediately wrote to an acquaintance in town to procure him a second. His letter commences with a graphic description of the *casus belli*; and he then breaks forth into the following enthusiastic appeal, which might figure well enough as the effusion of the spirited hero of a modern Irish romance:

"Now, my dear fellow," writes William John, "if I am obliged to put up with this, I do not think life worth preserving an hour. I only want a friend, and a case of pistols, to prove to this fellow, and to the world, that I am as brave a man as ever was born. I NOW CALL UPON YOU TO SEND ME A FRIEND AND A CASE OF PISTOLS; *not saw handled ones;* and you may rely upon it that I shall give Smith as good a lesson as ever he got. Indeed, you have a right to stick to me in this case. You will find me as brave as a lion. What if you come down here yourself and be my friend? I shall do you honor. This fellow has been set at me, because I put down all the fellows in Carlow. And is it not a pity that any stigma should be flung upon me, when I am so well able to take my own part? Do, my dear friend, assist me, and you shall see how nobly I will act. If Dillon Browne was in Dublin, he is a fine hearted fellow, and would come down here if you called on him. I do not like his pistols, they are saw-handled—I like the round-handled best. I at once throw myself upon you, and I ask you, as a friend and an Irishman, not to allow me to be trampled upon, when my heart is as truly brave as the heart of any man living.

"If Somers was in Dublin he would do it for us both. Just look at the noble position it would place any man in to be my friend on such an occasion. Would Clements do it for you? Can you not find some one in Dublin to stand by me? Where is Rick O'Connell? If he has one drop of the old doctor's blood in him he would fly to me. Is there no Kerry man to be found that would act for me? Do, *do* be up and stirring. I depend upon *you*, otherwise I am ruined for ever. Come to me, or send some friend to me; or, if not, I am undone, and the Orange faction will have an everlasting triumph. Never allow it! I know you will work for me or come to me. God bless you, and believe me ever yours,

"WILLIAM JOHN O'CONNELL."

This appeal, *malgre* the desperate valor that inspired every line of it, was unheeded by the person to whom it was addressed; and the election passed off unenlivened by a sanguinary fracas.

Notwithstanding the efforts of the Repeal party at Carlow, they were beaten at the poll by a small majority. They had, however, effected a vast change in the zeal of the constituency. On the previous election, the Tories had been returned by a majority of 167; their majority was now reduced to nine. And had it not been for a few unexpected defections from the camp of Repeal voters, who yielded to their fears of vengeance from their landlords, the Tory candidates would have been in a minority.

(To be continued.)

PRESENTATION IN PIERMONT.

The Catholics of Piermont, N.Y., lately presented their Pastor with a gold snuff-box and the following address:

Rev. John Quinn, Pastor of St. John's.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—The accompanying gold snuff-box is presented to you by the congregation under your charge, as a token of the affection and kindly feeling they entertain for you, as well as a slight acknowledgment of the free offering you made of your Easter collection for the purpose of paying off the debt remaining on the Church.

They are well aware of the many pressing calls made on your benevolence, and the liberality with which you have responded to them. Consequently, they feel themselves in duty bound to acknowledge your generosity by some token of recognition, which, in after years, will bear testimony to their feelings of gratitude towards you.

Receive, therefore, Rev. and dear Sir, this small testimonial, and rest assured that you will always be held in kindly remembrance by

Your children in Christ,

Francis Ahern, John Barr, Patrick Cronin, John Murry, Jeremiah Sweeny, Andrew Fallon, John Quarkenboz, Committee.

PIERMONT, November 6, 1857.

The Rev. gentleman replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE:—I beg to tender to you and to the Congregation my most sincere thanks and high appreciation of this valuable testimonial of your regards for me. It is a flattering proof that you, in your abundant charity, almost overestimate the feeble efforts which I have made to sow amongst you the seed of religion and the morality of the gospel. It is a pleasure to me to see that my labor has not been in vain, and to know that this seed has fructified well.

To secure your eternal salvation is, gentlemen, the end which I have in view. This is my peculiar vocation. You are the children of God. I am His minister sent to teach you how to love Him, and to serve Him in order to be happy with Him forever in heaven. But inasmuch as man is a free agent, it would be impossible for me to realize my most fervent aspirations without His co-operation. You may receive the word of God and keep it, or you may simply hear it and reject it. You may allow it to bring forth good fruit, or you may permit it to be "choked up with the tares, and brambles and thorns." Hence 'tis true to say, in a certain sense, that your salvation must proceed from yourselves. Under these circumstances it is consoling to me to be able to bear testimony to your Christian conduct, your Catholic zeal, and your pious submission to the well-regulated ordinances of our Holy Church. I most heartily wish that you will persevere in your exemplary practices, and continue to edify the community by the regularity of your lives, the sobriety of your habits, and your maintenance of Christian decorum.

To say, gentlemen, all the good things of you which your kindness, your meekness and your charities would justify, would, indeed, prolong my expressions of gratitude beyond the limits which good taste would seem to point out. But I cannot close my remarks without a frank acknowledgment that you have attached *too* much importance to the "free offering" (as you are pleased to call it) which I made of my "Easter Collection" in behalf of the Church wherein I have the honor of officiating. I wish my circumstances could enable me to do more towards the ornament of the Church and your accommodation. But, may I not hope, that the time is not far distant when, with God's blessing and your aid, we will be empowered to do much more than we hitherto could have done for Catholicity in Piermont.

Again, gentlemen, permit me to thank you, and those who have united with you, in offering to me this valuable pledge of your respect and love. Be sure I shall always remember you with affection and gratitude.

INTERESTING RELIC.

We find in the Culpeper *Observer* the subjoined letter, addressed to General Washington by Horace Randall, a citizen of Fauquire Co., Virginia, in the year 1781. It is as follows:

"ELK RUN, Fauquier County, Va.,
January 20, 1781.

"DEAR SIR:—Gen. Arnold, with 1,800 men, is now encamped three miles west of this spot. They continue to exercise the most unheard of cruelty, indiscriminately, on men, women, and children, and wanton destruction of every kind of property. All eyes are turned to you for vengeance. It was only yesterday that Sally Metcalf was shot from her horse by a British sentinel, while she was endeavoring to make her escape. She is the wife of Captain Metcalf, with whom you are well acquainted. I will help you with twenty mounted men, most of them good marksmen; and, if no objection is made, they would prefer to be with you and bring with them their own rifles, in the use of which they will prove effectual. The bearer, Jack Brown, 6 feet 6 in his stockings, though above the average, is not a very unfair sample of the remaining nineteen, who anxiously await your reply to this tender of their services, and hope you will accept the same in the manner they desire.

"I would suggest that you retain Jack, and in his place send back Tim Weeden with your reply. For other information I refer you to Jack. I would trust my life in his keeping."

A few weeks since, says the *Observer*, in repairing a mantel-piece at Mount Vernon, an old letter was found, of which the above is a true copy. It had fallen through a crevice, and made a lodgment where, without the knowledge of any one, it has remained undisturbed for more than seventy years. What is most remarkable in connection with this letter is that *the writer is still alive*, and still resides in Fauquier! On being shown the letter he recognized the same. It was read to him by James Jeffries. "Yes," said he, "I remember well. Sally Metcalf recovered the shot, and with her husband afterwards moved out to Kentucky. Her son was afterwards Governor of Kentucky. They moved out with Col. Tom Marshall in 1793. Col. Marshall fought at the battle of Brandywine. Lafayette had just been promoted; was then about 21, and was wounded at the same time. Col. Marshall was the father of John, afterwards appointed Chief Justice of the United States. He died about the year 1802 or 1803." As Mr. Jeffries came to that portion of the letter in relation to Jack Brown, Randall was brought to tears. He exclaimed, "My God! poor Jack Brown; I was the cause of his death, just to gratify Tim Weeden's wife, who had not seen her husband for two years. Mr. Jeffries remarked, "You did it all for the best, in a good cause, and it should not disturb you; it shows the goodness of your heart." "Yes," said he, "those are precisely the words of General Washington to me about eighteen months afterwards." Randal has never received a pension for his services. If not entitled to one, he at least deserves the gratitude of his countrymen. The original letter may be seen at the office of the County Court of Fauquier.

THE BRITISH MURDERING THEIR OWN CAMP FOLLOWERS.—Gen. Wilson, commanding before Delhi, has intimated his knowledge of many murders having been committed upon camp followers and other innocent persons by men belonging to his force, and his full determination to carry out the sentence of any court-martial that may come before him. At Dinapore a party of the Queen's 10th broke out at night, and bayonetted, in their beds, eleven Sepoys—a portion of those who had remained faithful to their salt—and two women; there is no doubt they would have murdered the whole of them, but the shrieks and groans of their victims raised an alarm. A letter referring to the same circumstance says: "I happened to hear that some Sepoys were shot; made off instantly for the place, and witnessed a sight which will not easily be effaced from my memory. Wounded Sepoys, dead and dying; one Sepoy had five bayonet thrusts, one shot just in the centre of the forehead, another's mouth shattered by shot; all groaning pitifully in their agonies. The numbers killed are—one Subahdar, two Naicks, one Sepoy, and one Lascar; wounded, one woman and eleven Sepoys. Officers of the native and European regiments and doctors were present, busy ferretting out the cause of this fearful affair, and dressing their wounds."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Cavan.

We are glad to observe that Mr. O'Reilly, of Cavan, has become the purchaser of the beautiful farm of Ashgrove, near Belturbet. It is gratifying to observe one of the ancient sept regaining some of the land in his native country, of which his forefathers were deprived for their fidelity to their faith and country.—*Nation.*

Cork.

We have received, says the *Reporter*, communications from various sources, calling attention to a circumstance that we mention with pain. We are informed that on Sunday week a large number of the soldiers of the line and militia regiments were in attendance at Mass in the Catholic Church of Fermoy, and, as usual, were under the command of officers. The conduct of three of those gentlemen was marked by open ridicule of the ceremonies, so pointed and manifest that it awakened the indignation of their own men as well as of the civilians present, and drew forth an allusion from the officiating clergyman in the course of his customary exhortation to the men on their moral and religious duties. So strong was the feeling of the soldiers present that some of the militia had a distinct intimation conveyed to their officers that such conduct would not be endured. The beneficial result of this remonstrance has been shown by the fact that no repetition of it again took place. We are in possession of the names of the parties, but under present circumstances we do not think it necessary to make them public.

The inhabitants of the parish of Tracton having determined to compliment their much-respected Parish Priest, the Rev. Cornelius Corkran, on his return from an extended continental tour, entertained that gentleman at a public dinner. The place selected for the banquet was the great hall of Britfieldstown mansion house, now the property of Mr. Luke J. Shea, J. P., of the Rennes. The entertainers present consisted, with about a dozen exceptions, of the farmers of the neighborhood, a class whose appearance of respectability and comfort spoke volumes as to their steadiness of character and habits of industry. The presence of a number of ladies, who appeared to take a deep interest in the proceedings, also graced the feast. About eighty persons in all sat down to dinner.—*Examiner.*

Mr. Dargan has been given the contract by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company for the formation of the branch line of railway from Mallow to Fermoy. The amount of the contract is stated to be £53-000. The work will be immediately entered on.—*Ibid.*

At the revision of the borough of Youghal neither notice nor objection was served by either side, and the whole affair, strange to say, passed off quietly. The result is, that matters are much as before, and Mr. Butt will certainly have a walk over as soon as he has received his ministerial appointment.

Dublin.

We are rejoiced to see that several of our contemporaries have, in common with our ourselves, received communications regarding the erection of a testimonial to the memory of the great Liberator in our metropolis. It has been argued by some that the memorial at Glasnevin is sufficient for the object, but we submit that it is no such thing. Out of sight ought of mind, is a tolerably ancient adage, and if, instead of having the object continually before us, it is placed out of view, and at a considerable and inconvenient distance from us, it becomes little better than useless for the intended purpose. Ireland has never yet produced one who loved his country better, or was more deeply beloved and venerated in return than the illustrious O'Connell. Like most men of sterling worth, and vast abilities, his value in every respect was not fully known and appreciated till he was no more, till his talents were required, and could nowhere be found. But the best acknowledgment those who idolized him when he was amongst them, and those who have only since his death learnt to pay homage to his greatness of mind and soul, could pay to his memory, would be to erect to that memory a testimonial worthy of his illustrious name, as a token of his country's lasting gratitude. Such a memorial should be placed where the multitudes whose idol he was could behold it at all times, and point to it on all occasions as the model of patriots, the impersonation of all that was great and good in the Liberator of a country. This we trust to see done with as little delay as possible. The project should be caught up and carried out at once, and without hesitation if we desire to show the world how it has touched the chords of the nation's will and wish. We shall from time to time give the suggestions and communications we receive on this most interesting subject, in the hope that they may be of service in carrying out what we believe to be the almost unanimous desire of the people of Ireland.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

There is to be grand doings in Ireland very shortly. There is to be a grand annual meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge. The Grand Master will preside. The grand secretary will be present, assisted by the grand under-secretary, and all the grand members will attend in their grand uniforms. An immense quantity of grand whiskey punch will be imbibed, and a number of the grandest oaths ever heard in Ireland will get expression on that occasion. The letter of Lord Chancellor Brady is to be brought before the meeting with the tenth tumbler, when, we have little doubt, it will receive a grand condemnation, and the writer will be grandly consigned, as far as good wishes can effect the purpose, to the care of a certain grand master, who will know how to deal with him for his scandalous attack on the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland.—*Nation.*

At Capel street police office, a blind man, named Robert Killeen, attired in a worn military uniform, was brought up in custody before the magistrate, Mr. Magee, on a charge of vagrancy. It appeared from the evidence of police-sergeant 81 C, than on the previous day, while on duty at Great Britain street, he observed the prisoner soliciting the charity of the passengers in the street; he had a card suspended round his neck, setting forth that he had served in the 87th regiment for two years, but that in consequence of losing his sight while stationed with his regiment at Gibraltar, he had been discharged on a pension of sixpence per diem for six months, and that when this period had expired he was left entirely destitute. *He was sentenced to be imprisoned for seven days.—Ibid.*

The following anecdote, vouched for by a correspondent as literally true, is indicative of the feeling that animates the people of Ireland during the present Indian crisis: "A Roman Catholic clergyman, well known for his National sentiments and anti-Souper exertions, was lately called in to attend an old patriot of '98, who was about leaving this sublunary world. When the clergyman was leaving his anxiety became great, and eventually manifested itself in the apparently irrelevant question, 'Ah, sir, dear, tell me is there any news from India?' Knowing what would please him, the clergyman replied, 'Yes, the English are catching it.' 'Thank God,' rejoined the old man; 'I die happy.'"

Galway.

A considerable amount of interest has been excited in Ballinasloe and its neighborhood by the sudden disappearance of Mr. Michael Barrett and his son, who had both been extensively engaged in the purchase and slaughter of cattle. Before the late fair, Barrett, who had got into considerable credit, obtained a large amount of stock from the gentry and farmers of the neighborhood, so that his sudden exit has created much uneasiness. We have before us a list of the names of those who are supposed to have lost, and the whole defalcation will amount to about £2,000. It seems probable that Mr. Barrett has not yet left the "Green Isle," and we sincerely trust he may yet turn up and settle all claims upon him.—*Western Star.*

On Sunday, the Feast of St. Luke, two nuns were solemnly professed in the parish church of Clifden. The happy young ladies were Miss Martin and Miss M'Donagh. The church was crowded to overflowing. Tourists and strangers from different parts of the United Kingdom were present, and appeared to be deeply affected by the piety and sterling Catholic enthusiasm that reigned triumphant in the beautiful town of Clifden on the auspicious occasion. The parish priest, the Very Rev. Mr. M'Manus, was the Celebrant, assisted by the Very Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., Galway, and by the Rev. Mr. Flatly, C.C., Clifden. The Rev. Thomas M'Donogh, R.C.C., of Ballinakill, preached an eloquent and instructive sermon.—*Dublin Tablet.*

The annual bazaar of the Sisters of Mercy, in aid of the charities they so extensively and so judiciously dispense, was carried on during the fair, and the results have been most gratifying, inasmuch as the appeal made to a charitable public was most cheerfully and effectively responded to, and a large sum was realized. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the ladies of the town and neighborhood for their unceasing exertions in forwarding the benevolent objects in view. The attendance was very large.—*Tuam Herald.*

Kerry.

Whilst The M'Gillicuddy of the Reeks was transacting business with a confidential man of his, the latter observed, from the window of the study, (where the parties were,) a person named James Doyle approaching the hall-door, or rather lurking about it, and informed The M'Gillicuddy of the fact. The man was directed to inquire what his business was, when he said he wanted to see The M'Gillicuddy, and was about to force his way to the study when The M'Gillicuddy himself approached and demanded what he wanted. He replied that he wanted £4. It appears that Doyle who is the son of a gate-keeper at Whitfield) returned recently from America, and brought with him a sum of money which he deposited in The M'Gillicuddy's keeping, and has since been repeatedly requiring and obtaining portions of it. The M'Gillicuddy, feeling a little annoyed at the man's almost daily applications, told him he would give him the entire of his money, and was crossing the hall for the purpose, when, on suddenly turning round, he beheld Doyle within a few paces present a pistol at him. With admirable presence of mind he grappled with the would-be assassin, and arrested the weapon, which, on the instant going off, lodged its contents at the foot of the staircase, after passing between the legs and within an inch of the person of the intended victim. The unfortunate man was then bound by the domestics and conveyed to the Beaufort police station, whence he was guarded to the Killarney Lunatic Asylum. The incoherent language and strange conduct of the unhappy man for some days previous to the murderous attempt have left no doubt on the minds of those who knew him of his being *non compos mentis.—Tralee Chronicle.*

Kildare.

At a late meeting of the trustees of Maynooth College, the board appointed the Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D., professor of *Belles Lettres*, to the chair of Ecclesiastical History, rendered vacant by the promotion of Dr. Russell to the distinguished position of President. The *concursus* for the chair of *Belles Lettres* has been fixed by the board for the 28th of December next.

Limerick.

The funeral obsequies of the late Very Rev. Dean Coll were celebrated in the parish church of Newcastle West, and were attended by a vast concourse of the Clergy of the diocese, by immense numbers of the parishioners, and by many friends. The remains were deposited in a vault in the nave of the chapel of Newcastle. A procession, consisting of 300 of the children of the convent school, upwards of sixty of his brother Priests, some Protestant Clergymen, a number of mourning friends, and thousands of his flock, moved from his late residence in the square, and proceeding round the Circular road, by the Workhouse, the Quay, the Bridge, they finally placed the coffin upon a catafalque prepared for its reception. The Office was then commenced, and immediately after a Solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which the Very Rev. Doctor Synan officiated as Celebrant. The coffin was then lowered into the vault. Before the congregation separated the Very Rev. Dr. Synan ascended the altar, and read the mandate of the Bishop to induct the Very Rev. Dean Brahan into the parish and place of the Very Rev. Dean Coll. Having read the Creed of Pius V., the profession of the Catholic faith, Dr. Brahan addressed the congregation in a few sentences upon the relations which had sprung up between them, and concluded by a fervent prayer that he would be to them a Minister of blessings, and that they would be a docile flock, who would always hear the voice of their Pastor.—*Reporter.*

Catherine Barry and Ellen Fitzgibbon, two rather-well-looking girls, were brought up before Mr. Mansfield, at the Police-court, Liverpool, under the following circumstances: Mr. James Barry, a small farmer from Drumcoloher, county Limerick, said that one of the girls (Catherine Barry) was his niece, and lived with him, and that the other girl was a companion of hers. Catherine had always been of rather a romantic turn, delighting in adventure, and often expressed a wish to try her fortune in other lands. He had to leave home, and on his return he found that his niece had gone away, and subsequently, that her friend Ellen Fittzgibbon was also missing. They had taken all their best clothes with them; and to defray the expenses of their journey, his niece had broken open one of his boxes and taken £40 out of it. He traced them to Liverpool, and gave information to the police. The detectives were at once set to work, and they found them on board the "White Star" clipper Chancellor, about to sail for Australia. Catherine had paid £28 for their joint passages to Melbourne, and £8 was found upon them, the remainder of the £40 having been expended in reaching Liverpool and paying for lodgings. He did not, however, wish them punished according to law. The magistrate said it would be a pity if girls of such respectability were contaminated by the evil influences of a goal, and he ordered them to be sent back to Drumcoloher, in charge of their uncle.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Captain Oake and Alderman T. M'Donnell, of this city, have obtained a large portion of the government provision contract for supply of pork—the price is reported to be £8 7s. 6d. per barrel; the beef contract ranges from £8 10s. to £9 10s.—*Chronicle.*

Longford.

Messrs. Benington & Sons, the organ builders of Greek street, Sebo, London, invited a few of their friends to a performance of Mr. Hallett Shepherd, organist of Holy Trinity, Vauxhall bridge, upon the new organ which they have built for the Cathedral of Longford. Amongst the noticeable points in the construction of the instrument, we may mention that the (German) Gamba stop has been introduced, and the effect is very satisfactory. It produces a peculiar richness, and is very useful as a diapason, imparting a pleasing "reedy" quality to the tone. The "clarionet" and "flute" are also deserving of commendatory notice, as also is the tremulant. The latter is remarkable for all those qualities which are usually found in tremulants, and it is particularly excellent from the fact that its action is noiseless. In this respect it is free from an objection to which tremulants are generally open. We believe we are correct in stating that the "tremulant" has been adapted from the organ in the church of the Madeleine, Paris.—*London Paper.*

Louth.

An inquest was held at Duleek before Hugh Martin, Esq., coroner, on the body of a comfortable farmer, named Mr. J. Gerrity, who was found dead in a ditch, on his own land, at the Commons of Duleek, with his face much injured by rats. The unfortunate deceased had been to Drogheda selling corn. He must have fallen into the ditch on the same night, returning to his home across the fields, and, being old and feeble, was unable to extricate himself. The jury found a verdict of "accidental death." Deceased was about sixty-three years of age, a married man, and occupied two farms—one at Bellewstown and the other at the Commons of Duleek. He was well known in the county Meath.—*Meath People.*

Mayo.

A subscription has been set on foot in Ballinrobe for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to the Rev. James O'Malley, R.C.C., on his removal from that parish. The list includes every class and every creed. It is confidently expected that the subscription will amount to a very large sum.—*Tuam Herald.*

Meath.

Miss Leonard of Navan was received in the little chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy there. The ceremony was private, only a number of clergymen and the immediate friends of the lady who was being received attending. The Most Rev. Doctor Cantwell officiated on the occasion.—*People.*

Roscommon.

An inquest was held at Tulsk on the body of an unfortunate girl whose life was so inhumanly taken. The body presented all the appearance of murder. The skull was cleft nearly in two with some instrument, supposed to be a shovel; besides the back of the neck showed signs of severe injury. Seven men have been committed for trial pending the investigation, awaiting information from the crown. We learn that two of the party gave information to the coroner.

The Rev. Messrs. Fortescue and Ronan, Missionary Fathers, left this town, and were followed by the Very Rev. Dr. Healy and the Rev. Mr. Kyan. They were met by a large crowd, who took an effecting leave of the good Fathers. They were accompanied by the tears and blessings of those for whose spiritual welfare they labored so zealously and so successfully during the past three weeks.—*Ibid.*

Tipperary.

At the Clonmel Quarter Sessions, in the course of the week, the question of the rateability of premises occupied by members of the Christian Brothers' useful and benevolent community came before Mr. Sergeant Howley. In this case it appeared that the Brothers, at a former sessions, appealed against the poor rates levied by the guardians of the Clonmel union on premises occupied by them for school purposes; those premises, according to Griffith's valution return, were rateable, and therefore made liable to the payment. Mr. Belton, session crown solicitor, appeared on behalf of Mr. Griffiths to sustain the rate, and admitted, in reply to the court, that upon inquiry he found the Christian Brothers merely occupied such premises as were necessary for the purposes of education. The Court, in giving judgment, said—It having been stated to me that those gentlemen—the Christian Brothers, who dedicate their time to the gratuitous education of the poor in these schools—it having been stated that they don't occupy more premises than are reasonably necessary for the purpose of supporting those charitable schools, in terms exempted under the act—that being stated, my opinion is, that those premises are not liable to be rated, and that the rate should be so far quashed; and, further, let the rate previously paid, if any, in their own wrong be refunded. Mr. Bolton said that before the learned sergeant had given his decision he was unwilling to interfere, but he would now say that a similar question was raised in Cork before Mr. Sergeant Berwick, who gave it a vast deal of consideration, and after reserving it for some time came to the same decision. Sergeant Howley said he had not heard of the result of that case before, as he was happy to find that his opinion was supported by such an eminent lawyer as Sergeant Berwick.

The following is supplied by a correspondent of the *Nenagh Guardian*, under date Templemore: "Mr. John Ellis, steward to John Trant, Esq., Dovea, was murdered on his way home from this town. He arrived here by the 4 o'clock train from Dublin, and left shortly after on his own car, which had been in waiting at the station, for his residence. When he arrived at Kilrush they found some bushes placed across the road, which the servant got down to take out of the way. He had scarcely stooped to remove the obstruction when his master was fired at from behind the ditch, and he received the contents of the piece, which was heavily loaded with slugs, through the body. He lived only an hour after. I have not heard if any person is yet arrested for the offence; but the police are on the alert. Mr. Ellis was a native of Scotland, but had been for a number of years in the employment of Mr. Trant. Mr. Ellis purchased lately property in the Incumbered Estates Court, and on the place coming into his hands he was compelled to evict some tenants. This is the only cause that can be assigned for the deed, which has left a widow, and, as I understand, nine orphans to lament the untimely end, and mourn the loss of a loving husband and a good father." The inquest has been held, and a verdict of "wilful murder" against some person or persons not known returned.

A Quaker, upon coming out of the 6.30 p. m. train at Templemore station had his valise stolen by a recruit off the platform in the dark; he immediately called out to the railway porters, &c., to take notice that his valise was stolen off the platform and he would sue the company for his loss. A man standing by remembered that a man took it up and was in the porter's room with such an article. The recruiting sergeant had his squad, which came by same train, paraded outside the station house, when the man was missing, and subsequently the delinquent was walked out and was given in charge to the police, and afterwards brought before the magistrates at petty sessions, where there was some difficulty in getting the Quaker to make his affirmation for his valise, which he never afterwards permitted to leave his sight. The recruit was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.—*King's County Chronicle.*

The reception of a *Religieuse* took place at the elegantly-situated Convent of Grenane, near Clonmel. The young lady who received the veil on the occasion is Alicia Mary, eldest daughter of the late Edmond Hanrahan, Esq., of Ballinamult, and is known in religion as Sister Mary Paul. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien presided.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien has appointed the Rev. J. Terry, recently ordained, to the Curacy of Portlaw and Ballyduff, vacant by the retirement of Rev. Patrick Costin, from declining health.

Waterford.

A fire of a most alarming nature broke out in the house occupied by Mr. Curtis, haberdasher, Customhouse-quay. The entire house and premises—together with Mr. Boyle's house next door—were totally consumed. About ten o'clock the front wall of Mr. Curtis's house fell, bringing with it the attached side wall of Mr. Boyle's. This was a frightful scene, as several persons were in Mr. Boyle's house at the time trying to save the property; and no sooner did the walls come down than the people in Mr. Boyle's house came, amid smoke and flame, with them, crushing, we are sorry to say, a very decent mechanic named Michael Power, a slater, from Philip street, beneath the ruins. Several persons have received severe wounds; and one young man, named Grenny, lies dangerously wounded.—*News.*

Wexford.

The Lectures of the highly-gifted Scholar and Orator, Dr. Cahill, continue to attract overflowing houses; and we are glad to see that an additional lecture will be given by the learned gentleman, with the sole view of serving the interests of the Mechanics' Institute, and promoting the cause of education and useful knowledge.—*Independent.*

Wicklow.

Viscount Powerscourt has granted a site for a new Catholic Church on his estate at Enniskerry.

REV. DR. CAHILL'

ON

THE FOREIGN PRESS ON INDIA AND ENGLAND.

Since the battle of Waterloo England has taken her own leave, without permission from others, to assume a dictatorial power in the affairs of mankind in general, and in the policy of Europe in particular. Her Ambassadors have unhesitatingly, and almost authoritatively, attempted in several weak Sovereignties to sway their Cabinets, and to model the internal organic laws of their several Constitutions. She has partially succeeded in three or four instances; and has thus by violence, domination, or intrigue, engrafted on unwilling submission an importation of Eng'ish laws, foreign to the genius of these peoples, galling to their independence, and borne in angry silence only till a favorable opportunity shall arise to reject this foreign odious legislation, and to recover their lost liberties. Spain and Portugal furnish melancholy examples of this intermeddling diplomacy, where usurpation has for a time crushed their nationalities and altered their legitimate succession to the throne; but still withal, where a deep feeling of patriotism, almost inherent in the soil, is steadily gaining strength in these countries, becoming more powerful in proportion as English influence there verges to decay. They are fast recovering and rapidly advancing every day to the original cherished government which has been unjustly replaced during the last quarter of a century by foreign hated legislation.

And in those States where England could not or dare not introduce her revolutionary policy she employed her whole press to misrepresent their institutions, to malign their religion, and even to forge scandal on the private intercourse of the Palace. From the very Capitol of Rome, from the dome of St. Peter's, these English emissaries raised the standard of British assumption, and for five-and-twenty years they fomented the revolution of Hungary, aided in stimulating into periodic paroyxsm the irrepressible temper of France, and kept Switzerland a boiling cauldron of the very worst congregated vices of Europe, ready to be poured out at a given signal like a torrent of molten lava on the surrounding Catholic countries. Europe was for a long time past perfectly aware of this arrogant usurping voice; this palpable scheme of encouraging the discontented, the abandoned, the lawless in several countries against religion and the throne, was well understood in Austria, in Naples, and in all Italy. But England at this time had the prestige of unequalled military discipline, of unrivalled military commanders, of pre-eminent efficiency in all naval, military, and strategical efficiency throughout all the departments of warfare. During the last forty years she was considered to be the great European seminary, where a brilliant military education was completed; she was believed to be the first European school of trained courage, at once the example, the admiration, and the terror of the surrounding nations. Her high-sounding Acts of Parliament, too, published Liberty on parchment on the most liberal basis; while her hired Press, her Biblical historians, her public meetings, her literature, presented to foreign peoples the most exaggerated report of her unrestricted liberty of conscience.

Within the last ten years, however, the facilities of steam communication, the closer intercourse of the neighboring nations, the progress of journalism, and the advance of general civilization have torn the bandage off the eyes of Europe; and facts which could not be contradicted or concealed have demonstrated that this outward exhibition of Civil and Religious liberties on parchment, is a mere cover to deceive the public, while concealing beneath these spacious Parliamentary fallacies, and cheats such a grinding social exclusiveness, and such a galling religious intolerance, as not to be found in any other State in Europe. These discoveries, entirely owing to the causes already named, began to awake Europe to the hollow pretensions of England in matters of political and religious import, and to produce corresponding feelings of defiance and independence in former pliant and submissive Courts. But when the full account of the ribald persecution of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had reached them; when they read the cruel expatriation of millions of Irish Catholics by emigration; when they heard the confusion of our Commissariat at Balaklava; when the surprise at Inkermann was reported to them by Bosquet's division; when their mistakes in the trenches, their failure at the Redan were discussed, in all European military and political circles, a feeling of astonishment, mingled with joy, seized the public mind. And while all admitted the general religious toleration of *the people of England*; while all have justly lauded the bravery of her *soldiers* and *sailors*, a loud expression of shame on her statesmen, of horror for her Church, and of contempt of her military leaders has rung through every capital in the world, has lowered the prestige of Great Britain, has, by her depression, advanced proportionately the cause of Reform, Liberty, and Religion in several neighboring nations, and ultimately will rid Ireland of a bigotry, which is the fruitful source of national discord and the fatal obstacle of our national material progress.

I now repeat what I have often said before, namely, that if the supreme officers responsible for the peace of India were tried by the laws of French military discipline, every man of them would forfeit his life, by the unflinching verdict of a French *court martial*. And also, let it never be forgotten that *the Fusiliers*, who have fought ten battles under Havelock, and who have entered Delhi through the volcanic breach in the walls, are the very same regiment which was lately punished for not sending their children to a Protestant school. The pension allowed to the children of soldiers, namely, five shillings a week for each child, was withdrawn, and the sum of £276 for ninety-two children was gibingly taken by a Scotch Colonel and commandant from these very men, the brave poor Irish fellows, who, through fatigue, famine, sickness, plague, have faced the cannon's mouth for England, and have had their glorious share in the most deadly fight recorded in the bloodiest past struggles of Indian warfare. The conduct, the shameful conduct, practised towards those *Fusiliers*, is part of the disgraceful discipline which eventuated in the late lamentable mutiny; and this, and similar outrages on liberty of conscience, should be the very first abuse of military bigotry which the English Cabinet should utterly, and entirely, and for ever crush out, along with the other numerous faults and crimes, from our Indian legislation.

Without any doubt there is throughout the *entire* Southern Continent of Europe a bitter feeling towards England. Perhaps this feeling will die out harmless when Lord Palmerston and his clique die out; and perhaps it will live after their death ready to burst forth in active retaliation when a favorable occasion shall be presented. Whatever be the result, it is clear that English statesmen ought to be on their guard, and do nothing unjust or impolitic, like the Indian Incapables and Bigots, to encourage an enemy, or to weaken a friend. All Ireland may be wanted in some unforeseen emergency to unite their hearts and hands in the defence of the State; and it is certainly neither just nor politic in the government itself to supply themselves, not only the materials for national conflagration at home, but even to procure the very fire to ignite the combustible heap. Now I am not one of those grumblers, who say that England could not exist without Ireland; on the contrary, I think she could; and that in a State emergency every man, young and old in that country, would volunteer his life and property for her service and protection. But decidedly Ireland has great power both of mind and body; and, no doubt, it would be wiser to employ both these powers to the advantage rather than the injury of the sister country. Now, independently of our want of commerce, our annihilated trade and other national items of partiality evinced by England in her own favor to our disadvantage, there are two standing evils in Ireland, which evils I firmly believe are such an impediment to national peace and to national progress, that until they are entirely abated and removed, the heart and the mind of our nation can never be *cordially enlisted* in the full service of the State. The two evils alluded to are, firstly, the social persecution by the Protestant church; and secondly, the legal extermination of the Irish farmer by a *bad landlord*. Let the clergy of the Protestant church by all means profess and teach their own creed, without the insult of the tract-distributor, or the persecution of the local magistrate or the local landlord; and let the government itself, without prepared bills from Tenant Leaguers, grant a just tenant-right to the Irish people; and the reign of a lasting prosperity will commence the hour when these two questions of discord, and the universal expulsion of the Irish poor, shall have been finally and definitively settled.

D. W. C.

Wexford, Wednesday, Oct. 28.

THE FALL OF DELHI.

(*From the Nation.*)

The British Flag once more waves on the walls of Delhi; and Wilson's soldiers are at loot and lust in the bazaars and zenanas of the fallen city. And yet what a strange blending of disappointment and apprehension there is in the tone of all authentic British opinion on this crowning mercy, which ought to have, but has not stamped out the rebellion. The "double leads" of the *Times* ill conceal their real uneasiness. The more ministerial *Morning Post* almost blesses Lord Palmerston's star, the news is no worse. The flabby Funds, John Bull's true pulse, only sunk a little lower the next day. No military man, who values his character, would venture to say that the capture of Delhi is any solid triumph to the British arms, or in reality advances the re-conquest of India one inch.

That the city must ultimately be taken—whenever a sufficient force of men and artillery could be brought to bear on it—was always evident. With modern engineering, the capture of any fortified work is only a question of time and material, as we lately saw at Sebastopol. It is little to admit that the Sepoys had no such officers or munitions as the Russians, and that the defence of Delhi, against even a vastly inferior force, if well served, must in the end become a difficult and desperate operation. It was simply a question of time since the British became able to fortify their own cantonments against the Sepoy sorties. The time has been abridged; but, to our belief, this is far from being an advantage to the British. For all the facts we know are—that after ten days of deadly fighting round the walls, and in the streets of the city—in which quarter was neither asked nor given on either side, and the Sepoys never showed a sign of submission—but fell back inch by inch, defending every foot of ground, and fort, and wall, and house—fighting bravely and skilfully, as is plain from the immense proportional loss of officers on the British side, 1 in 12—they appear at last to have effected a retreat across the Jumna, quite as successful as that of the Russians from the south to the north side of Sebastopol. When the besiegers, at the end of a week after their assault was given, could call the city theirs at last, the King of Delhi and his army had crossed the river, and, of course, cut the bridge behind them. There is no boasting over the losses of the Sepoys—there is no sign that they were routed at any particular point—there are no details of the retribution expected—but all the signs of the slow and dogged defence of a force in deliberate retreat, carefully contesting every inch of its way, and giving, at the most, man for man in slain and wounded to the enemy.

A force capable of such an operation is not likely to be demoralized by the loss of that prestige, which the British so much affect to believe, belongs to Delhi in the Oriental mind. They are just as likely to know, as Russian, or French, or English soldiers would be, the military value of the movement they have made. In the present state of the insurrection, a Sepoy army in the field, broken into divisions, is incomparably more dangerous than if enclosed within any walls, even those of the Sacred City. The British force between Delhi and Calcutta is scattered in small isolated detachments, with the exception of Havelock's force. If the General Baktawar Khan be a man of such energy and enterprise as we are willing to give him credit for, he may lead Wilson and Nicholson, Havelock and Outram, Harris and Lawrence, into deadlier work than even the siege, before long. It is evident enough that these soldiers, the leaders and picked men of the Bengal Army, now at large, must and will carry on the war. They have no choice. There were 30,000 it is said in the city, and if we suppose them to have lost twice as many men as the British—or even the perfectly extravagant number of 5,000—an army of 25,000 men on the wrong side of the Jumna is a terrible difficulty for Sir Colin Campbell to consider.

And this particular difficulty could not well have occurred at a more unfortunate time for the English. The same mail that announces the fall of Delhi, admits that Lucknow is yet unrelieved, and that all Oude, from the bank of the Ganges opposite Cawnpore to the walls of the besieged Residency, bristles with armed men. Here it cannot be said to be a mere military mutiny. Havelock found every house fortified, and the whole nation risen. The Bombay army, too, is at last thoroughly into the movement. It is the smallest of the three Indian armies, but so well as we can judge, at least one-third of it must have revolted at the date of the last mail. We learn from a postscript to the Bombay correspondence of the *Times*, that a serious movement had at last taken place in the Punjaub. For eight days, communication had been completely intercepted between Lahore and Mooltan—while excellent Indian authorities speak with the greatest alarm of the disposition of the Sikhs. The Santhals were "up"—Assam disturbed—and Ghoolab Sing's successor, who had sent an auxiliary force to Delhi, himself menaced by a rebellion which had spread through all Cashmere. In fine, the ground which we have expected from the commencement of the insurrection ought to be its real focus is now thoroughly engaged. Central India, north and south from Saugor, for a thousand miles is in regular revolt.

Under these circumstances we really cannot congratulate our Mofussilite contemporaries and correspondents—who crow so loudly over the fall of Delhi—on the prospect which it opens to them. We may be quite certain that so desperate a defence, and so safe a retreat, are but the preludes to energetic operations in the field. If this be so, then the difference to England between an army cooped up in Delhi, and the same army in the field, in the present condition of the country on every side of them, is all the difference between comparative security and deadly danger. And if the Bengal Army has only the head to use its opportunities, the fall of Delhi may be the most unfortunate day for England since the decease of the late lamented Mungul Pandy.

THE MOORE TESTIMONIAL.

(From the Nation.)

It is an ungracious, and by no means agreeable, duty to be obliged to censure the conduct of men who have voluntarily devoted much time and labor to a task for the execution of which they are to be condemned. From the noblemen and gentlemen whose labors were consummated amidst the plaudits of admiring thousands on the 14th October, in Westmoreland street, it is impossible to withhold the praise due to the patriotism that originated, and the energy that carried out, a design so honorable to the Irish Nation. Nothing but the consciousness of how much is due to them in this respect suppresses a strong outburst of indignation at the object they have produced as the result of all their labors and all our expectations. For ten days the public have had opportunity of estimating the artistic taste and judgment of the Moore Testimonial Committee; and we believe we may safely state that not ten persons have been found to give them credit for the possession of a particle of one or the other, as far as displayed in this work. From a survey of the "Testimonial" hundreds have turned away in bitter regret and disappointment. In every respect it is a failure; we are not aware that a second opinion has been expressed by any one who has seen it. It is not necessary to enter upon any minute criticism: it is not a question of an arm or a foot—a muscle in the statue or a fold in the robe; the whole affair is a blunder—unworthy of the men engaged in it—unworthy of the country—unworthy of him whom it is intended to commemorate. We scarcely know where to begin in enumerating the objections urged against it. In the first place, the shape of the space in which it stands renders a square pedestal inharmonious; and the height of the Testimonial is out of all proportion to the extent of space around it. The massive cloak, also, is most objectionable; approached from Brunswick street—as the *Packet* says—one supposes it is upon the stalwart figure of the Liberator he is gazing. Seen from any distance sufficient to embrace a view of the entire subject, one fails to understand what it is: the last of all surmises would be "the Statue of a Poet." From some points of view it seems to be a Street-Preacher arguing with the Jarvies; from others, an Artist sketching the young shoe-blacks and parasol-venders beneath the portico of the old House of Lords; while to numerous spectators it suggests an Officer of the Paving Board taking the time of the scavengers.

Those who were fortunate enough to see the statue ere it was placed almost out of sight, where it is now, declare the face to be expressive, and to bear a striking resemblance to Moore. Indeed, were the statue placed in the hall of the Dublin Society, or any other similar position, we have no doubt that, as a likeness of the Poet, it would be a success. But surely something was required beyond a mere facial likeness of Thomas Moore. What is there about that statue in Westmoreland street to tell that our great National Minstrel is there commemorated? Is there anything to tell a stranger that it represents not only an Irishman but one commemorated for his Irish Nationality and love of Ireland? What is there to show that it is not the statue of an English Mathematician engaged in some abstruse calculation? We defy the most anxious defender of the committee to point out the slightest distinctive feature of this kind; there is nothing to suggest the idea of a Poet, still less an Irish Poet. We suppose the pedestal does not reveal a single Irish emblem—Harp or Shamrock—lest they should be regarded as containing a sarcasm upon the statue, by suggesting what it fails to convey.

It is, we repeat, an ungracious and disagreeable duty to be compelled to assure the Moore Testimonial Committee that they have grievously disappointed the country; and when we call to mind the indignity they once contemplated by hiding the Testimonial in that dingy nook near Upper Merrion street, grave doubts are suggested that judgment, taste, or impartiality always swayed their resolves. Is there a citizen of Dublin who does not now rejoice that the Testimonial—even such as it is—stands where it does, and not in the obscure corner first proposed? That was a blunder which the Committee happily remedied; but a graver mistake than the choice of a site—the choice of the statue—has been perpetuated to the condemnation of the Committee and the regret and disappointment of the public.

STORY OF INCLEDON.—Incledon, the once famous vocalist, was one of the unsophisticated, and said and did a great many things out of sheer simplicity that had been much better left unsaid and undone. Something of this kind gave offence to a gentleman with whom Incledon happened to fall in company, and the offended party resolved upon satisfaction. He sought out the singer, accordingly, and was lucky enough to find him enjoying his bottle of port, at a noted hotel. "Mr. Incledon" says the waiter, "a gentleman wishes to see you, sir." "Show him up, then," says Incledon. "Sir," said the visitor, in a towering passion, "I'm told that you have been making free with my name, in a very improper manner, and I have come to demand satisfaction." After some parleying, Incledon rose, put on his hat, and planting himself on one side of the room began warbling Black-eyed Susan, in his most delicious style. When he had finished, "There, sir," said he, "that has given complete satisfaction to thousands, and if you want anything more, I've only to say, you're the most unreasonable fellow I ever met with."

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE DOG FIGHTS IN PARIS.—The Commissary of Police lately paid a sudden visit to the Bal du Moulin de la Galette, at Montmartre, and found in a large room on the first floor about 300 persons assembled, and in the centre two bull dogs fighting in the most furious manner, excited by the uproarious vociferations of the spectators. In the same room were several other large dogs tied up, but not muzzled, which were doubtless intended to replace the others when the combat should be at an end. Sixty other dogs of the same breed were in the court, the garden, and in stables belonging to the house. Several of them were in a bleeding and mutilated state, as though they had just been engaged in fighting. It appears that this cruel sport has been going on every Sunday for about six months, the proprietor of the place receiving one franc admission for each person. All the dogs found on the premises were seized. Fourteen of them were in such a state that they were immediately killed. The proprietor was brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police for keeping an establishment of the kind without authorization, and *proces-verbaux* have been brought up against twenty-two of the owners of the dogs.

A MAN IN BED FORTY-NINE YEARS.—An eccentric individual named Sharpe died recently in England, in his 79th year, having kept his bed voluntarily forty-nine years. At the time of his death the window of his room had never been open in 34 years. In this dreary abode did this strange being immure himself. He constantly refused to speak to any one, and if spoken to never answered even those who were his constant attendants. His father, by his will, made provision for the temporal wants of his eccentric son, and so secured him a constant attendant. During the whole period of this self-imposed confinement, he never had any serious illness, the only cause of indisposition those about him can remember being a slight loss of appetite for two or three days, caused apparently by indigestion, and this notwithstanding he ate on the average as much as any farm laborer. Though arrived at the age of 79 years, his flesh was firm, fair and unwrinkled. His weight was estimated at about 240 pounds.

SCINDIAH.—A person calling himself a Shahzadah, that is to say a Prince, and who has recently returned to Central India, has raised an insurrectionary movement, and is said to be at the head of 15,000 men. He has taken possession of Mundsore, which belongs to Scindiah, and which is, perhaps, the most opulent town in the Malway territory. The Shahzadah raised the Delhi standard, and issued proclamations in the name of the King. He has begun to collect the government revenue. This movement is distinct from the mutiny of the Gwalior Contingent. Such stations as Mhow and Indore were described as in a state of conflagration, and all the Cantonments near Gwalior, while Bhee-ma-naib, a person belonging to the Bheel tribe, in the Candeish district, is marauding on the Bombay road with more than a thousand of his wild followers, and gangs of Goojurs, Sondis, and Meenas are looting away in all directions. Holkar's territory alone is undisturbed.

FUNERAL OF THE QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.—A female named Lee, and known as the Queen of the Gipsies, and who attained the extraordinary age of 103 years, was interred lately in Woodford Churchyard, England, in the presence of several hundreds of spectators. The body, which had been lying in state in a tent in Epping Forest, about three quarters of a mile from the church, was conveyed to the place of interment in a one-horse hearse, followed by eight mourners. The "Gipsy Queen" was supported for some time by a number of benevolent ladies resident at Woodford; but as her bodily infirmities increased, it was found expedient to have her removed to the West Ham Union House, where she expired. The expenses of the funeral were borne by her relatives.

FATAL RESULT OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A sad circumstance marked the passage of a detachment of the 32 French regiment of the line through Fismes, (Marne,) on their way from the garrison of Soissons to that of Thalsbourg (Meurthe.) A sapeur and three bandsmen shared the same room, and the latter, out of a foolish love for practical jokes, cut off the bushy beard of their companion while he was asleep. In the morning the sapeur discovered the disappearance of his beard, and was rendered frantic with rage. He at once challenged the three bandsmen, killed the first two, and severely wounded the third.

A BRIGAND CAUGHT.—The *Bologna Gazette* announces the arrest of the notorious brigand Giovanni Pavignani, surnamed Il Mingolino. His career, though short, has been rather brilliant in its way. He succeeded in a month in recruiting a powerful band of followers, with which he spread terror throughout the province of Bologna. The Pontifical gendarmes succeeded in arresting all his band, but the chief made his escape, and was not seized until the 11th ult., near San Pietro, in Casale, where, after a violent conflict against fearful odds, in which he was covered with wounds, he was at length overpowered, and taken to Bologna.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—A Buckinghamshire farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist to whom he felt under obligation for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected sir—I went yesterday to the fair at M——; I found several pigs of your species; there was a great variety of beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

DEATH OF A SCOTTISH SONG-WRITER.—A Montrose paper says: "It becomes our duty this week to record the death of a most estimable fellow-townsman, Alexander Laing, the author of many beautiful Scottish lyrics. He died on Wednesday morning at his house in Upper Tenements, after a short but severe illness. Mr. Laing was in his 71st year. He was a native of Brechin, and in early life served his apprenticeship to the flaxdressing trade. Amongst his numerous lyric effusions we may mention that his 'Archie Allan,' 'Mary, the Maid of Montrose,' and 'The Braes of Mar,' entitle him to rank high among our Scottish writers."

THE HARVEST.—The consequences of an abundant harvest are now indeed felt throughout France. The price of bread has fallen 14 sous (about 5 3-4d.) the 4lb. loaf in Paris, and to 12 sous in several of the departments.

A curious story is current at present in Madrid, and, it is said, founded on good authority. A family belonging to the ancient noblesse of Spain have laid claim to the immense possessions of one of the most illustrious houses of France—that of Duke Philip of Burgundy. It seems that in the fifteenth century, Don Magio Engleber, Count of Logrono and Burgos, served in the Low Countries during the revolt of the Flemish against Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and commanded the army of the famous Louis de Bourbon, Bishop of Liege. The Flemings were routed, the Count fell into the hands of the Duke, was imprisoned in the fortress of Poil de Vache, and only obtained his liberty by making over the greater portion of his immense fortune to the duke and his descendants for a term of four hundred years, when the whole was to be restored to the heirs of the Logronos. The family of the Logronos eventually settled in France, changed, or *Frenchified* their name into *Legrain*, and are now poor and settled near Laon. The term has expired. They have presented their claim, and demand the fulfilment of the contract. It is said that the heirs of the Duke of Burgundy have offered the heirs of the Count of Logrono twenty millions of francs in lieu of their claim.

Accounts from Antwerp mention a very singular circumstance. It appears that the greater number of letters received by merchants at that port from Calcutta had been opened. A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* adds that several passages in the letters were scratched out. The authorities in Calcutta are suspected by the continental press of having tampered with the mail. It is highly necessary that an inquiry should be made into the subject, as the fact of the letters having arrived open seems undoubted.

Mad'lle Rachel remains alarmingly ill at Canore. She recalled to her medical attendants the other day an incident of the period of her greatest triumphs. She was playing *Phedra*, and the Bey of Tunis critically said of her at the end of the piece, "She has a soul of fire in a body of gauze." It was with a melancholy sigh that she remarked to her doctor, "Alas! he was right; and now you see that the fire has destroyed the gauze."—*Athenæum.*

One of the best livings of the Church of England—the rectory of Stoke-upon-Trent—has become vacant by the death of the Rev. J. W. Tomlinson. It is worth upwards of £3,000 a year. There are only two livings in the church which exceed this in annual value—viz., the rectory of Stanhope, Durham, worth £5,000 a year, and the rectory of Doddington, Cambridgeshire, which is worth nearly £8,000 a year.

However the war may terminate, the people of these islands may prepare for dear food, low wages, and the usual sequences. The result of reckless, criminal legislation is sure to fall heavily on the poor; and the working class may be sure that the pressure will not be removed by a temporary victory of the Colonial force over the Hindoo.—*Castlebar Telegraph.*

It is related that on the occasion of the powder magazine explosion at Joudpore, through lighning, by which 500 houses were destroyed, and the inhabitants (upwards of 1,000) of them were killed, a stone, weighing one manud, was thrown four miles; another large stone travelled six miles, and, falling upon a house, killed three persons.

The director of the Bayonne Theatre, France, having lately, when getting repairs effected, enlarged the size of the boxes, the ladies in the habit of frequenting the house sent him the next day a magnificent bouquet, with the following inscription: "From grateful crinolines to M. Zereno."

The marble tomb of the French Admiral Brust, who died on his voyage home from the Crimea, just completed at the cemetery of Pere-la-chaise, consists of a pedestal surmounted by a large gun and naval trophies; below, the Genius of History is seen holding a crown.

The Austrian government is quietly but actively augmenting its navy. Several ships of the line are nearly terminated, and other smaller vessels are being constructed. The flotilla of the Danube is also to be shortly completed, so as to protect German commerce on that river.

The herring fishing which has just been brought to a close has been a very prosperous one. The Rushen fishermen are so enriched and encouraged by it, that they have, it is said, ordered ten new fishing smacks.—*Manx Sun.*

Dr. Pusey, who has been sojourning at Great Malvern for some months, is greatly improved, and well-grounded hopes are entertained by his physician of his complete restoration.

In the reign of Henry VIII. of England, 72,000 thieves and rogues were hanged.

HOME MISCELLANY.

SHARP, BUT "ORNARY."—A couple of youths, about 12 years old, who had been forr ging about the streets to little purpose for some time, took into their heads that they could make better use of their talents, and having heard that toll-gate house on the Washington turnpike was vacant, concluded they would try their hands on toll collecting, and peradventure make a raise. Accordingly, they repaired to the scene of action, entered the house, swept it up, spread a piece of carpet, hung out the rates of tolls, and established themselves. In a very short time a man came along with a drove of sheep, from which they made a collection without much difficulty, and they might have realized more in the same way, but such unexpected success quite satisfied them for the present and they suspended in order to invest their capital. One of the youths, the elder, continued his travels into the country for a load of walnuts, the other came to town forthwith, and sinking his share of the proceeds—sad to say—in bad whiskey, towards the evening we saw him surrounded with urchins, dead drunk, unable to stand alone and his mother helping him home, where a stomach pump had to be brought into requisition, in order to save his life.—*Wellsburg (Va.) Herald.*

DEAD LETTERS.—Every postmaster, once a quarter, returns all the letters for which he can find no claimant, to the Department at Washington. A confidential clerk breaks the seal of all these, and opens them, but does not read a line. He simply ascertains if there is anything in them. If there is *not*, they are without further trouble packed away for burning, and all consumed by fire in an oven prepared for the purpose, so that nothing shall escape. If, however, there is any sum of money, or any valuables however trifling, the letter and contents are handed over to another clerk, who simply examines the name and address, and then encloses the whole back to the writer. The rest of the letter it is forbidden to be read. If the writer cannot be found, the letter is then carefully preserved, with its contents, for years, until every chance of its being reclaimed has died away. During the last quarter, $12,655 was received in about 2,200 letters at the dead letter office. Not quite $50,000 a year is generally received in about 10,000 letters, or about, at an average, $5 a letter. Of this, it is calculated that nine-tenths are returned to the sender.

DREADFUL MORTALITY.—On the 31st May, Colonel Redfield left St. Louis and proceeded up the Missouri river, holding conference with the Indians on the way, and distributing the annuities to the tribes who were entitled to them by a certificate. A peaceable spirit seemed to influence most of the bands with whom he met. On the first of July he arrived at the villages of the Gros Ventres, Mandenes, and Arrickarees. These three tribes do not now number over 1,800 or 2,000 souls. The small-pox has, during the past year, swept off full one-fourth of their number. The Mandenes, only a few years since, numbered five hundred lodges; they cannot now count over thirty or forty. The Assineboines seem to have suffered more than others from the disease; more than one-fourth have perished—whole lodges being sometimes cut off. Colonel Redfield found thirty deserted lodges near Fort William, the owners having all died or fled. Contrary to the custom of Indians, the dead were left exposed as they died in the lodges.

THE STATE ARSENAL.—Brigadier General Duryea and Samuel Graham, on the part of the military of the County of Kings, Long Island, are negotiating with the Commissioners of the old Wallabout burying ground, for the purchase of sixteen lots, whereon to erect a new State Arsenal, for which the sum of $40,000 has already been appropriated. Workmen have been for some time past engaged in the work of exhuming the remains of those interred in this ground, and preparing it for building purposes. The sum of $800 per lot has been offered for the ground, but the Commissioners want $1,000 per lot. The work of erecting the building will be commenced immediately on the purchase of the land. It will be of brick and stone 200 by 60 feet, and two stories high.

DEATH FROM JOY.—A son of Col. J. J. Winter, of Clarkesburg, Va., returned home recently, after an absence of three years. His father had some difficulty in recognizing him, and after he had made himself known, the father stepped to the door of an adjoining room, and calling to two of his daughters, informed them a gentleman desired to see them. Upon entering the room the young ladies did not at first recognize their brother, but almost instantly the eldest recognized him and sank instantly to the floor, dead. Being somewhat delicate, the joyous surprise of thus unexpectedly meeting her long-absent brother, to whom she was dearly attached, was too much, and thus caused her instant death.

A MINING RESURRECTION.—A few days ago, says the Jackson *Ledger*, as some miners near Butte, Amador County, were digging a tail race near a low bank, they observed a pair of boots sticking out of the dirt, which caused some remarks to be made, and one of them taking a pan and pick, went to digging near the boots for a prospect. Taking hold of one of them to pull it out of the way, he drew out the entire remains, they were found to be those of a man missing from Butte some two years ago. He had gone out prospecting and had drifted in a bank about the length of him, when the treacherous earth gave way and blotted him out of existence. His name is not stated.

THE NEW SENATOR OF TENNESSEE.—Hon. Andrew Johnson who has just been elected to the United States Senate from Tennessee, to succeed Hon. James C. Jones, presents in his own person one of the most remarkable examples of what proper ambition may attain under Republican institutions. His origin was very obscure, and of educational advantages he had none. After he married, his wife taught him his letters, and while he prosecuted his calling as a journeyman tailor, to support his family, he acquired the simplest rudiments of education. But advancing step by step, reading with avidity, studying closely, and striving constantly to improve his condition, he has at last attained one of the highest positions in the gift of his countrymen.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—A steam boiler in Hayward's India rubber works, in Providence, exploded lately, and the five buildings constituting the works were destroyed. Two hundred were at work in the establishment. Many of the girls jumped out of the windows, and some of them were injured, but none very seriously. The boiler was thrown 300 feet, and, in its course, carried away the side of a house where the family were at breakfast. Two of the workmen were severely injured, but it is hoped not fatally. The loss is $50,000; insured in New York. The cause of the explosion was the lack of water in the boiler.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.—We learn, says the *Southern Recorder*, from a gentleman of Crawford County, that a Mrs. Nancy Eubanks, formerly a Miss Dickson, of Hancock, was terribly gored in the stomach by a bull on the 6th October, ripping it open from side to side, letting out her entire intestines. She gathered them in her apron, and climbed three fences in that awful condition; she would have been killed before she could have escaped, had it not been for a fine dog she had along with her at the time, who kept the bull at bay. Mrs. E. is in the 71st year of her age, and was alive on the 28th ult.

SOMNAMBULISM AT KALAMAZOO.—The *Gazette* states that a traveller stopping at the Kalamazoo House, recently arose from his bed, through fear of a train of cars that in his dreams he fancied was rushing upon him, and opening a window leaped into the street. Strange to say the fall upon the side walk did not awake him, but rising again to run, he stumbled, and falling in a pool of water he awoke. It is somewhat singular that the night train from the West whistled the moment he leaped from the window, and he at the same time fancied he heard the whistle for him to get out of the way of an approaching train.

EXTRAORDINARY HONESTY.—Several years ago, a man was convicted in our criminal court of horse-stealing, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for four years. His term having lately expired, he entered the office of the gentleman who unsuccessfully defended him on his trial. He introduced himself to his quondam attorney, and stated that he had called to fulfil a promise, having during the long period of his imprisonment never forgotten the obligation he owed him. He accordingly handed the astonished lawyer twenty-five dollars—the fee he had promised to pay.

GIPSIES IN THE MOUNTAINS.—The Weston (Lewis County) *Herald* says: "On Friday last our town was greeted by the arrival of a swarm of Gipsies, men, women and children, numbering in all some fifteen persons. They came in strange-looking vehicles constructed for camping purposes, and were supplied with all manner of culinary utensils, nick nacks and odd fixings. Horses and mules in the lead, and numerous dogs and puppies made the Gipsie caravan complete, which presented an appearance at once singular and in perfect keeping with their strange habits."

OREGON TERRITORY.—Dates are to the 19th September. The Constitutional convention was at last making some definite progress, and there was no doubt of its final adjournment by the 1st inst. The slavery issue finds little favor, and the "let alone policy" seemed to meet with general acquiescence. Extensive fires were raging in the woods near Portland, and much property had been destroyed. The Mormons on Salmon river had this year raised 1,000 bushels of wheat. Lime and iron in large quantities have been found.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—"It was once in my power to have shot General Washington!" said a British soldier to an American, as they were discussing the events of the great struggle at the conclusion of peace. "Why did you not shoot him, then?" asked the American; "you ought to have done so for the benefit of your countrymen." "The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman, "for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly, and we'd sooner have shot an officer of our own."

MILITARY CONVENTION.—The Augusta papers say that the Military Convention recently holden in that city voted to recommend to the Legislature to amend the militia law, that the citizen soldiery shall be paid from the public treasury for the performance of military duty, and that a school for military instruction shall be kept for three or four weeks in the winter, under the instruction of a teacher employed by the State, and making it imperative upon one officer from each company in the State to attend said school.

HEAVY CATTLE.—A number of cattle were weighed at Lewisburg, Va., a few days ago, resulting as follows: Two year old bull, weighed 1,720 lbs.; four heifers two year old, weighed in the aggregate 4,820 lbs.; averaging 1,205 lbs. They are the property of Mr. A. Rodgers.

A FORTUNATE STATE.—The Little Rock (Arkansas) *Democrat* says that the treasury of Arkansas is overflowing with gold and silver. The various funds are enumerated that have their hundreds of thousands of the hard. The treasury has no bank-notes; nothing but specie in Arkansas; except a small old bank debt, does not owe a cent, and has in her strong box more gold and silver than will keep the government going for two years without any further taxation.

DEATH OF THE ARTIST WEST.—Mr. Wm. E. West died in Nashville, Tenn., on the 24 inst. Most of his artist life was spent in Europe, where he stood at the head of his profession. He painted a portrait of Lord Byron from life, which is universally conceded to be the best one in existence, and which the artist sold for $2 000. He was engaged, up to within three days of his death, in painting portraits of some of the citizens of Nashville, and had under way two or three historical pieces.

COMING DOWN.—The "panic" takes down the finery, and many of the fashionables in Philadelphia are selling out. A magnificent Papier Machie painted and guilt centre table, which originally cost $1,000, was knocked down for $115; two elegant French mirrors, with frames, handsomely carved, and which also cost $1,000, brought about the same price; splendid and elaborate guilt gas chandelier and lights, cost $300 sold at $100.

ROCK'S HINT.—Mr. Rock, the player, advised a scene-shifter to get a subscription, on receiving an accident. A few days after, he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said, "Why Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?" "Is it me you mean?" said Rock; "why, zounds, man, didn't I give you the hint?"

THE POTATO ROT.—A gentlemen has been of late devoting considerable attention to the investigation of the cause of the Potato Rot, and has come to the conclusion that it is the result of the sting of an insect. He has watched these insects closely, and says that the decay of the stalks and of the tuber follows immediately after their attacks.—*Catskill Recorder.*

CLEANING SADDLES, &c.—The following is a good recipe which will give saddles and bridles a good polish, and be entirely free from all stickiness: the whites of three eggs evaporated till the substance left resembles the common gum, dissolved in a pint of gin, and put into a common wine bottle, and filled up with water.—*Exchange.*

WOMAN STARVED TO DEATH.—Among the deaths in Providence last week, was that of a female in the Sixth ward, about forty years of age, whose physician's certificate states that the cause of her death was "want of nourishment." What a record for a city where the friends of foreign missions were so sumptuously entertained a few weeks ago.—*Providence Post.*

A LONG VOYAGE.—The ship Susan G. Owens had arrived in the offing at Charleston, with railroad iron from Cardiff, Wales. Since she left that port, about the 1st of May, 1854, she has been once around the world, and traversed altogether, it is estimated, not less than ninety thousand miles.

YELLOW FEVER.—The fever continues to be fatal in Jacksonville, Fla. At the latest accounts there had been 50 deaths there since the 1st of September. The court had adjourned over; a day of fasting and prayer had been kept; and the streets were entirely deserted.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—It is stated that a marriage took place at Fairfax County, Va., recently, of a couple who were divorced nine years ago. In the meantime, the man has been married and his wife died, shortly after which he was again married to his former wife.

LUCKY.—A cook in a family at Augusta found the other day in the gizzard of a chicken a piece of solid gold; worth five dollars. The chicken cost thirty cents, so there was a net profit to the purchaser of four dollars seventy cents.

Some abolitionists in Lawrence, Mass., the other day discovered at one of the hotels a lady and gentleman from Tennessee, who were accompanied by a slave girl named Betty. The so called philanthropists forthwith sued out a writ of habeas corpus in Betty's behalf. The case was brought into court in Boston, when the owners of the girl stated that they would cheerfully permit her to decide the matter. The judge and the girl conferred together, and the upshot was an order that she was at liberty to remain in Massachusetts or return to Tennessee. Betty made her choice without hesitating, and left the court room with her master, apparently contented. The abolitionists retired chagrined at their repulse.

We are confidently informed by parties from Quebec, who have good means of knowing, that no contractor, clerk, or even workman, unless backed by an indorsement from an Orange Lodge, has any chance of employment on the continuation of the Grand Trunk Road from Point Levi to St. Thomas. We give the report publicity, on what we consider sufficient authority, solely with a view to draw the attention of the directors to the statement. If it should prove to be beyond denial, it will be high time to ask why the Provincial Treasury should be made to support a system of exclusive dealing in favor of Orangemen, through the medium of the Grand Trunk Company.—*New Era.*

A farmer of Cortland County, New York, says that wheat can be prevented from swelling in bins, if one dry brick is put in with it for every five bushels.

Audubon gives a beautiful description of the loves of humming birds. He says that in their courtship, the male, dancing airily upon the wing, swells his plumage and throat, and whirls lightly around the female; then diving toward a flower, he returns with loaded bill which he proffers her. He seems full of ecstacy when his caresses are kindly received. His little wings fan her as they fan the flowers, and he transfers to her the insect and honey which he has procured. If his addresses are received with favor, his courage and care are redoubled. He dares even to catch the tyrant fly-catcher, and hurries the blue-bird and martin to their nests; and then on sounding pinions, he joyously returns to his lovely mate.

Those who have read the Indian tales of Cooper, Simms, Bennett, &c., and have never seen an Indian squaw, doubtless imagine that among the dusky tribes there are hundreds of tall graceful maidens, with regular features, and pretty forms. We have recently visited different tribes of Indians, and seen many hundreds of their females, and as yet we have not found one who approaches to grace or beauty. We venture the assertion that the author of the "Last of the Mohicans" or of "Hiawatha" never saw an Indian girl. If there is such a thing as Min ne-ha-ha, we should be pleased to see her; she would be a fortune for a showman. —*Sioux Eagle.*

A melancholy affair took place recently in York District, the particulars of which we learn from the *Chronicle*. John Fee, living near Bullock's Creek, in a fit of anger shot his horse, and some cattle and hogs, and set fire to his house which he had previously locked. His three motherless children, aged from five to fourteen years, are supposed to have perished in the flames. A peace warrant was issued against him, and an officer went to serve it. He was found fortified in one of his barns and swearing to shoot any one who should attempt to approach him. He was finally captured by stratagem.

A Chicago paper describes a dishonest trick of trade to the following effect: "A large produce house of Chicago has agents in New York, who purchase a few hundred bushels of corn at a high price, and report the sales as giving the state of the market. The high rate is reported on 'Change, and persons not aware of the scheme buy corn of the house which has caused the fictitious advance. Undue gain is made accordingly, which the paper calls gambling, but which in reality is still worse. Mercantile circles are sadly damaged in character by such conduct."

A young mechanic in Newark was recently arrested for stealing a piece of meat from a butcher's stall. He said he had been without work for several weeks, and being without money or credit, and too proud to beg, he preferred to steal to save from starvation his family —a wife and two children—who had been without food. An investigation into the case proved the truth of his statements, and he was released, given the meat, and told to come for more, and was also presented with a purse of six dollars which was made up for him.

The Lewiston (N.Y.) *Journal* says that a large majority of the Irish laboring people of that town are well prerared for the hard times of the coming winter—they have been saving and provident of their earnings while employment was plenty and wages high. During one or two days of last week, there were many applications for specie at the Lewiston banks, and the *Journal* says they were mostly from the Irish, who presented amounts of bills on various banks from two to fifteen hundred dollars in a lot.

The Cincinnati *Times* has an account of a circus clown who went on board the Newport ferry-boat (unknown) and made a frantic attempt to drown himself. The captain and crew, thinking the poor fellow insane, used their utmost attempt to save his life, and on their arrival at the wharf he was given in charge. It turned out, however, that the would-be suicide lived in Newport, and had made a bet that he would cross the river without paying a cent, in which he was successful.

The Postmaster-General has made an order that all Postmasters whose compensation exceeds $12 50 per quarter, shall be supplied with wrapping paper, twine, and sealing wax, for the use of their offices by the Post Office Department. All Postmasters whose compensation is less than $12 50 per quarter, can purchase for the use of their offices, a reasonable amount of these articles, provided the net proceeds are not less than $20 per year.

It was sometime since proposed to organize a new Territory, comprising the western part of Utah, and all California, east of the summit of the Sierra Madre. This would hem the Mormons within a comparatively narrow compass. The project, says a Washington letter, finds favor with the Administration, and is likely to be carried out if the Legislature of California signifies its assent to the change of boundary.

Recently a man died at a tavern in this county, that he had long frequented, neglecting his family. The tavern keeper sent his wife word that he was dead, and inquired her will. She replied: "In life he was with you—he gave you his money, and drank your liquor, which undoubtedly caused his death. I now leave him with you to bury."—*Newburyport Herald.*

Stealing houses is rather a novel idea, which is carried out in the West. A gentlemen recently received a letter from Minnesota, stating that his house on his pre-emption was *stolen* when the writer was away. An enterprising country, that.

The Army Worm is the name of a species of insect at present committing great depredations in some of the Middle States. They move over the ground in a mass, destroying whatever comes in their way. The means used to destroy them is to plow a furrow in the field which soon becomes filled, when a heavy log is dragged through crushing them by millions.

The treaty recently concluded by Commissioner Denver with the Pawnee Indians secures to the United States ten or twelve millions of acres of land. These Indians not only pledge themselves to remain at peace with the United States, but that they will use their influence with the neighboring tribes to the same end.

Recently a young lady in Portsmouth, N. H., sent a live toad by mail to a friend in Brooklyn, N. Y., by way of a joke. A neat paper box served for a shrine, while a postage stamp paid his fare. His toadship arrived at his destination alive and kicking, having been a day and a half on his passage.

Some one has been advertising for 1,000 men to work in a coal mine, and desired a "stamp" to be enclosed in each application. That was the last of it. The stamps were sent to the scamp and he sold them. He ought to be caught and made an example of.

At the burning of a block in Auburn, N. Y., a woman in the second story threw out a feather bed, then threw out her infant, which was caught by a man below, and then leaped out herself—the same man catching her in his arms before she reached the bed.

Solon Longworthy, of the banking-house of Longworthy & Brothers, the wealthiest firm in Iowa, and large real estate owner in Dubuque, a day or two since visited all his tenants, occupying stores and dwellings in the city, and voluntarily reduced their rents 33 1-3 per cent.

The Hartford *Times* has printed an edition upon paper made from ivory shavings. This is the first attempt to make paper from this substance. The experiment has succeeded, though the paper produced is not so good as that ordinarily used by the newspaper press.

On the morning of the cattle-show at Pittsfield, a forlorn-looking individual was observed to emerge from the tomb of the Gold family, in the old burying-ground, into which he had crawled for shelter the night previous.

The entire valley of the Mohawk river in Central New York is badly flooded, and the freshet has done a large amount of damage to the crops. That section of the country has frequently to suffer from the devastating flood.

Pittsburg looks as if it had been deserted. That city, so celebrated for smoke, has but little of that significant vapor now. What is, arises from a few Glass Manufactories and the two Copper Works.

The newspaper men of Michigan have held a public Convention at Jackson to adopt rules and regulations for the government of the craft. It was resolved that all payments be made hereafter in advance.

A new law of Mississippi against passing any bank bills of less denomination than $5, went into operation on the 1st inst. It is now an indictable offence to pass smaller bills than five dollars within the State of Mississippi.

Merchants are rebelling against the system of long credits. The hardware dealers in New York City have condemned it; the Boston merchants have denounced it; and nearly all seem to think it objectionable.

The New York Commissioners of Emigration have resolved to purchase 20,000 barrels of flour at present prices, on the ground that flour was as low as it would be during the fall.

The Piscataquis *Observer* says upwards of $200 worth of young calves and sheep have been destroyed by bears in that county since the first of September.

The Portland *Argus* claims that that city has a larger portion of persons living on their income—that is, doing nothing—than any other in the country.

Four of the largest sized Chicago daily papers are talking of reducing their pages by one column each during the winter, as advertising is very light, and not likely to improve.

Gov. Grimes, of Iowa, has issued a proclamation, establishing the seat of government of the State at Des Moines, and the University at Iowa City.

The drouth having cut off the corn crop on the Texian frontier, the squirrels are emigrating to Arkansas, swimming the Red river by thousands.

A maiden lady advertises in one of the country papers a baboon, three cats, and a parrot for sale. She is about to be married, and has no further use for them.

The Bellevue mines, near Scranton, Pa., are closed. Over 200 persons were employed in the "shaft," "slope," and "drift" at this place.

Over $5,000,000 in specie is said to have been received in New York City since the commencement of the financial panic.

Mackerel now are plenty between the Isle of Shoals and Cape Ann, and hundreds of vessels are out after them.

Some graceless wag has suggested a new reading of Shakspeare, to suit the times—"Help me, *Cash us*, or I sink!"

A full grown California lion was recently killed at Whitlock's creek, after a severe struggle.

A large portion of the sloops on the Hudson river have already been laid up for the season.

Mike Walsh is a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington.

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NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 21, '57.

CATHOLIC SENTIMENT AND THE INDIAN PATRIOTS.

[The news of the fall of Delhi had not been received when the following article was given in to the printers; but the letter of our French Correspondent, on another page, seems to confirm our statement that nothing "reliable" has been received from the seat of war.]

MAIL after mail is watched with anxiety, but strange to say, there is nothing important from India. To some this is a cause of disappointment, to others a cause of wonder; but to him who knows the penury with which the Honorable East Indian Company works every arm of its government, it is neither a source of wonder nor disappointment. He knows there is no mail-train there to bring it with the velocity of the wind, and that stage-coaches or horses are never thought of for the purpose. Relays of the smartest men taken from the Sepoys, are obliged to perform this duty for the government. Each runs bare-footed, under the piercing rays of a vertical sun, for a distance of eight or nine miles, where he meets another who does the same, and it is thus the mail is carried from Delhi to Agra, from Agra to Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, &c., over the entire country. But now there is rebellion; intelligence cannot come—except what the English Government wish to transmit; and hence we have nothing but horrible accounts of the "bloody" Sepoys, and "massacres" of Christians and Europeans. We are in error—if we have no reliable news from the seat of rebellion, we are recompensed for the loss by a large amount of unreliable writing on it—writing which is news, indeed, since it asks the Catholic journalist to believe that the power which impedes Catholicity in England is the greatest friend of Catholicity in India; that the thousand complaints of Catholic Bishops and communities against this power in the Peninsula for years past are lies or delusions; and that, because God brings forth good out of evil, we should, therefore, defend the existence, right and title of the evil, for the sake of the good which an overruling Providence may educe from it! This is news of a verity; but who believes it?

It has been said the rebellion in India is but the act of a class having no ties of sympathy with the majority of the people. This is a statement which any reader of the English Reviews must know to be unworthy of credit. The *North British*, the *Westminster*, the *Edinburgh*, and *Blackwood*, all, with one accord, have confessed that the Hindoo population nurse a hatred of everything English with the most persistent care. The action of the Sepoy is the expression of this hatred. "The detestation of the Hindoo for the English," says a Catholic priest long on the Indian Mission, "is universal. It extends to every individual from Delhi to Calomba, and from Calcutta to Bombay. The hoary grandfather worn with age and the child upon whom reason has scarcely dawned, foster it in their hearts, and bewail their ancient Rajahs." The Hindoos are a farming people. Persons of all casts cultivate. The Bramans, Rajah-caste, Commavirs, Redlavs, and Pariahs, in the interior of the country, are generally cultivators of the soil. Each village has to till a certain extent of land and pay a certain amount of rent to the Honorable East India Company. This rent is exorbitant and leaves the cultivator but a miserable pittance. Year after year some one through poverty becomes unable to cultivate his land. He wishes to give it up to the government officers, and work laboring work; but it won't be received. The collector alone can liberate him from tilling it. He goes to his office in fear and trembling—tells the Peon, or constable, who tells the Monsive, or squire of the village, who tells the Thasaldhar, who at last tells his highness, who sends word for him to wait until after Court. The evening comes, but he cannot see him then until the morrow morning. Morning comes, but he is denied his presence until evening; and thus he continues for perhaps ten days without seeing him. He goes home, at last, in despair, knowing that if the land is not received by the Collector he must pay the rent. He is thus left to pine over his poverty and misfortune until the day comes for letting the land, or rather for each villager to sign a document stating that he is ready and willing to cultivate his land. A few strokes of the constable's ratan, with a salutary fear of being put in the chain-gang on the road for six months (*all by the way without the collector's knowledge*), will have him ready and willing to sign the document. The time comes for paying the rent: he was unable to sow his land, but the rent must be paid no matter where got. He would have escaped to the Nisam's Territory, but he was caught, and would not be let go. The constable, with sword in hand, comes to the door, and allows neither himself, nor wife, nor children to eat, or drink, or sleep, if possible, until he consents to pay. His poor old buffal, that gave milk to the children, lowes for a drink, but is allowed no water. She must be sold, poor pet, to meet the rent, and his son (now, we suppose, a rebellious Sepoy) sends him the balance. What cruelty! Does it want anything to make it complete? If so, this will do it. He must *pay* the constable for every day he guarded and deprived himself and family of food, &c., in his own house! The wailing of his father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, pierced the ear, nay the heart of the Sepoy, and he unsheathed the sword to cut down their oppressors. *This* is the true origin of the Sepoy War of Independence. Reason for Revolt the Sepoy himself had little, for he was in the main well-treated, because he was feared; but he found himself stung in every social tie, and when he could bear no longer he rose, and in doing so, asserted the dormant rights of his nation.

If the English had even a just title to India their acts of cruelty would justify the Sepoy's rebellion. But they have no just title; not even of legitimate possession. Who is ignorant of the fact that the king of Delhi first, through kindness, gave them liberty to trade with his people—that they then bought the village of Calcutta as a trading port, and, having thus acquired a foothold, went on by repeated acts of aggression to rob the native princes of their territories, the inhabitants of their property, and himself (the king) of his dominions? As of Delhi, so of all India. Their title of possession is unjust, and hence the war is unjust. We do not see what credit is due the Irish for not enlisting, knowing, as they generally do, that the war is unjust, and, consequently, that, no matter how certain it is that their bodies would become food for the Sepoy's fire, it is undoubtedly more certain that their souls would become food for a worse fire—that of Divine Vengeance.

"But the Sepoys murdered the Christians at Cawnpore whom the English defended," some say, "and hence the English should be supported and assisted to put down the rebellion." That is the conclusion the English wish to force on Europe and America, but it is absurd. The Sepoys murdered the Christians of Cawnpore, not because they were Christians, but because they were English. The native Hindoos and Mahomedans do not consider the English Christians. The English themselves are the only haters of those whom, and whom alone, the natives call Christians in India, *viz.*, the Catholics. Witness the case of Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Hydrabad. Expelled by the British Government from his Cathedral and house, deprived of the burying-ground of his Native Christians, he sought a residence and a graveyard from the Nisam (a Turk), and got both. We hear of the Cathedral of Patnan being blown down. This may have happened a thousand ways, as all will admit, and it appears certain that it was not destroyed because it was the Cathedral, for we hear of no accident happening to any of the priests nor to the Bishop—no, not that he even lost a rib of his beard. The nuns in another place were frightened, &c., &c.—but mark that they all, with *their pupils*, escaped, —which could not have occurred if the Sepoys chose to massacre them for being Christians. The nuns were frightened very likely, thought the fort the safest place, went to it for protection, and hence could write that "they escaped to the fort through all dangers." Besides, this "flight from Scalkole," as it has been called in the *Courrier* of Lyons, was urged upon the nuns, *by the Indians* who informed them that the insurrection would break out on the next day, and the massacre of Europeans begin; and it is well known that when afterwards overtaken in a bungalow, the good Sisters and their pupils were neither injured nor insulted, while some English men and women who had retreated with them were killed on the spot, because, as the *Courrier* says, "they were personally offensive" to the patriots. This is a right-striking evidence of Sepoy discrimination, and the reader is almost forced to regret that the nuns did not confide in the natural generosity of the native from the beginning, or at least shun the company of "offensive" persons. When the Bishop of Pondicherry writes to the Emperor of France, saying that war is being made on the Christians, then we may believe it. But until then not a solitary sentence to that effect shall we credit although priests and nuns be killed, as they may, through the accidents of war. Our duty, meantime, is to wish "God's rest to them."

The assistance which "English dominion" gives to the cause of Christianity—the last plea upon which we are asked to pray for its success—may be inferred from a few quotations. Let us premise that Bible Missionaries and English dominion go hand in hand; that where the one is not, neither is the other; and then read Mr. Duboi's words in his "*Mœurs et Institutions des Peuples de l'Inde.*" "If the number of Christian natives, who amounted, eighty years since, to more than twelve hundred thousand in the Peninsula of India, is now reduced to less than half that number, if the honest Indian regards a suggestion to embrace Christianity as a mere pleasantry or a serious insult, *it is owing to the presence of Europeans, and, especially, Protestant Missionaries.*" "Their labors," says De Maistre, (tom II, p. 17, *Du Pape,*) "according to the confession of their most judicious fellow-believers, instead of enlightening the heathen, are only adapted to strengthen their prejudices against the faith, if it should ever be announced to them in a proper manner." Add to these authorities the testimony of the Vicar-General of Delhi, lately given in Dublin, the common complaints of Catholic Missionaries returned *from*, and the reiterated wrongs of Catholics *in* India, and then tell us that the cause of Christianity, which a Xavier furthered without British protection among a people as prejudiced as the Hindoos, sinks or rises with the infernal Opium Crop, without which, as the late Governor General confesses, the English government in India would be unable to sustain itself! Tell us that the cause of Christianity involves the sacrifice of, not only the Hindoo, but the Chinese, and we will answer—

"No *true* religion * * * plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels,
But stoops to conquer, succor, and redress
And builds her grandeur on the public good."

Past facts prove this. In the vicariate of Verapoly, governed by the Most Rev. Tr. Ludovica, there are two hundred and thirty thousand native Christians or Catholics—241 Churches, and 438 native Priests. All these, except a few parishes which are in the Company's territory, are in the territories of the Rajahs of Travancore and Cochin. There are in this vacariate a great Seminary for Latin clergy, and 14 for Syrian Malabar. From two houses lately established for Catechumens more than one thousand Heathens are baptized yearly. The vicariate is divided into parishes, and in all the parishes there are many charity schools for the instruction of youth. The residence of Verapoly, to use the words of the Madras *Catholic Directory* —"is an immense building erected gradually in the space of nearly two centuries, in the form of a Convent for missionary and native priests employed there. Adjoining is the Episcopal house with its apartments for offices, and two great Seminaries, one for Latin, and the other for Syrian native Clergy. Houses for Catechumens and Hospitals are also situated there. Why did not the Sepoys exterminate these Christians before the English came to defend them? How has this mission started into life and prospered without the aid of "British dominion?" Given the same social and political conditions, what is possible in Verapoly is it not also possible throughout India?

WALKER LOOSE—IS THE GOVERNMENT TURNED FILLIBUSTER?

WILLIAM WALKER, thanks to the criminal connivance of the Federal officers at New Orleans, is again on the high seas, *en route* for Nicaragua, with four hundred men, to re-enact the horrors of his last campaign in that devoted country. The contrivances adopted to prevent his sailing proved to be mere shams. A United States Marshal went through the operation of inspecting a vessel filled with Nicaraguan recruits, and could see nothing "suspicious" about it with his official eyes. The United States steamer paddled in the neighborhood for days, and was conveniently out of the way at the right time. And so General William Walker and his intending cut-throats pursue their course under the indulgent influence of the Parcæ!

Ah! this is joking on a serious subject! Has our Government turned fillibuster that it should wink at this barefaced outrage on the Neutrality Laws? Has it become so reckless of the opinion of mankind, that it should not only save a pirate from the halter, but permit him to be reinstated in his profession with impunity? Have we a national character, or is William Walker our "representative man," and we, a "nation of robbers?" If so, let us confess it, and not add to our disposition to grand larceny, the sneak's more contemptible hypocrisy.

COMONFORT A DICTATOR.—Comonfort, the "liberty-loving," church-property secularizer, has suddenly abrogated the Constitution under which he held power, and proclaimed himself Dictator of Mexico. Of course, his well-known hatred of the Catholic religion and its ministers has secured for him the warm sympathy of the American Press, which sees no inconsistency in bedaubing a Louis Napoleon, for an act which they rapturously applaud in a Comonfort. Oh! consistency! Oh! noble Press of *Republican* America!

The Rochester *American*, Portsmouth (N) H.) *Chronicle*, and New York *Sun*, have lately printed an extract from the TABLET, so divorced from its context and meaning that it is no longer ours. The contrast suggested by it between the number of conversions to Catholicity, and the number of deaths in the Catholic body, was merely instituted for the purpose of showing how *other* denominations reason from the greater number of the latter, without taking into consideration *the natural increase by births*. As the *American*, *Chronicle*, and *Sun* have not detected the error of concluding anything from premises so deficient, they are not morally responsible for detaching a sentence from the rest of an article.

CATHOLIC LIBRARIES AND READING ROOMS.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., Nov. 13th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE N. Y. TABLET.

SIR:—In your issue of November 7th, you have an article on "Catholic Libraries and Reading Rooms," in which you notice two of those Institutions, one in the City, and one in Brooklyn; and close with an aspiration for the extension of such societies throughout the Union. Permit me to say that the "rural districts" are not wholly devoid of these associations. There are two in Albany, one of which has been successfully established for years; and one in Hudson, Columbia County, making good progress. We have one here in Newburgh, established since January, 1855, possessing an excellent Library of over 500 volumes, a reading room, and which furnishes its supporters with weekly debates during a portion of the year; and a course of public lectures every winter by some of the most eminent Clergymen and lay Catholics in the Union. In addition to these, the Newburgh Association publishes a monthly magazine—now in its second volume—which circulates from Canada to New Orleans, and from France to San Francisco, having 100 subscribers in the latter city. There are similar associations too in Newark, N. J., (one of the best in America,) in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Mobile, New Orleans, Boston, Washington, Richmond, Milwaukee; and in many other places they have been recently organized. In referring to the dates of establishment, I find that New York City and Brooklyn, instead of being first in the field, as your article would seem to indicate, are among the last.

Your obedient servant,
H. M. TOLE.

So long as the societies mentioned by our correspondent are not universal the wish for their extension is "in order," and the omission of the names of *all*, in a short article on *two*, implies no unacquaintance with their existence. We make these remarks to show our correspondent that we rejoice as much as he does in the progress of such institutions no matter where situated, or by whom founded. Let us add, that the success of the "Newburgh Magazine," wide as Mr. Tole represents it to be, is not yet equal to its deserts.—ED. N. Y. TABLET.

The editor of the *Presbyterian* learns that fish are served up every Friday in the Prison of Sing Sing to the Catholic inmates, and can not help "wondering of what material a conscience is made which can remain quiet while its owner is engaged in theft, drunkenness and murder, and becomes at once alarmed if he be asked to eat meat on Friday." Perhaps we can set the editor at his ease. It is, evidently, of the same material which allows the readers of the *Presbyterian* to commit all classes of sins during the week, and becomes, at least in appearance, "at once alarmed" if its owners be prevented from psalmsinging on Sunday—with this difference, that, whereas it leads even the convict to self abnegation, it begins and ends in the pious, undenying, stultification of "the elect."

"Brother Norton" writes to the editor of *N. Y. Chronicle*, a sectarian religious paper, on the proposed revision of the Bible by Dr. Newman:

"This report seems to be well founded, and if it be correct, it will do more to bring the subject of revision under the notice of Protestants than anything which has yet occurred. It will probably make but little difference either way, whether it is encouraged or discouraged. The work will go on. If the Kings, the Bishops, the Cardinals, or the Popes of the world encourage faithful versions, it will be gratifying to the friends of the cause. If they discourage it, the final result will be the same. We mean no disrespect to the powers that be, to those who are in authority. We only desire to remind all men, that the God of the Bible will have His own truth clearly expressed. If Protestants refuse to do it, who can say that He will not bring out from an unlooked-for quarter a defence of His own Word! He that hath decreed it, will also bring it to pass."

What meaneth this? says the editor of the *Chronicle*. Evidently, that Brother Norton believes Catholics *may* give a correct version of the Bible—a fact heretofore questioned by most Protestant writers. Good for Brother Norton!

The Redemptorist Fathers are at present holding a Mission in Williamsburgh, L. I., at St. Mary's Church, which is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Bohan.

We are compelled to transfer the second letter of our correspondent, *Hibernica*, on "Quebec and its Institutions," to our 12th page. It will be found very interesting.

MASS OF REQUIEM.

THE Anniversary Obsequies of the Rev. Mr. Curran, late pastor of Astoria, will take place at St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, L. I., on Thursday, the 26th inst., at 10 1-2 o'clock, A.M. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., will deliver the panegyric.

This simple announcement is quite sufficient to insure a large assemblage of the friends and relatives of the deceased. Father Curran was one of those men who, living and acting in a half-private life, earn for their memory a perpetuity greater and greener than that accorded to the generality of local reputations.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. DECKER IN COURT.—There is a very interesting libel suit in progress in this city, between Williamson of the *Dispatch*, Defendant, and Mrs. Decker, whose name has appeared already before our readers as that of the alleged murderess of Anne Hilton, a little Irish Orphan, on Staten Island. Anne was, like thousands of other Irish children, left by death without parents or protectors, and taken in charge by Pease of the Five Points Mission, who transferred her to Mrs. Decker on the recommendation of a Protestant clergyman. On the subsequent Inquest several witnesses swore, in substance, that the treatment of her new guardian caused her death, the Coroner's Jury so found, and Mr. Williamson's strictures, whatever they were, were based upon this testimony and this finding. It is needless to say, therefore, that we heartily sympathize with the Defendant in this libel suit, for even granting that Mrs. Decker may be acquitted of the murder, a woman who could treat an orphan as she did had no character to be injured, and should not be paid for the loss of a reputation assailed by twelve good and lawful men on their solemn oaths, and disfigured beyond redemption in the present suit, by the equally solemn affidavits of as many more of both sexes. Mr. Mitchel Sanford, Mrs. Decker's counsel, may "call Heaven to witness that he believes her to be a good Christian from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot"—so did a more disinterested party, her Pastor, till he changed his opinion; Mrs. Catherine Ann Decker may swear that Anne Hilton was never subjected to "ill-treatment in her presence," until John R. Decker swears *her* word is worthless on the principle that "a person's general character is shown by their walking uprightly or not;" but the damning fact stands still, that the child Anne Hilton died of no disease, but solely from exposure, violence, and starvation at the hands of Mrs. Matilda Decker, *or* that all modern tests of culpability are erroneous.

If Williamson can be mulcted for commenting on Mrs. Decker's proved barbarity—if it can be inferred that he did so with malicious motives, (where such were morally impossible,) then, farewell to the boasted freedom of the Press. Every pickpocket who escapes Randall's Island may, under the new law, sue and recover from our morning papers, and it will be at once the interest of every scoundrel to do something entitling him to a suit for damages.

— Since the above was written, the Jury have brought in a verdict of "six cents damages" for the Plaintiff. Mrs. Decker's trial for manslaughter comes on next week.

A NEW WAY TO GET RID OF TENANTS.—Bridget McIntyre, of Central Falls, R. I., died on the 10th instant from the effects of fright and smoke, caused by the landlord of the building in which she lived having stuffed the chimney with straw to smoke his tenants out.—*Telegraphic Despatch.*

The ingenious landlord of the McIntyres is one Thomas Pinkerton, an American. Acting no doubt on the spirit of "retrenchment" so appropriate to the times, he discarded the old method of ejectment on account of the expense attached to it, took the law into his own hands, and conceived the novel idea of "smoking out" his tenants. All hail to Thomas! Let the new mode be dubbed, forthwith, in honor of the inventor, the "Pinkerton Process."

ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

In Erin, they say, St. Martin's Day
Is holily kept, I ween,
No boat may be, put out to Sea—
No Fisher draw a seine;
For the good Saint he doth guard the Sea,
And blesses the fish therein,
And the man who dare harm the good Saint's care
Committeth a grievous sin.

The cattle that bend to the yoke, or tend
To our comfort, are blessed by him,
If the owner pray, on St. Martin's Day,
They are safe in life and limb;
And none may fear, the rest of the year,
For their flocks, be they great or small—
The Saint will keep, while the Farmers sleep,
His heavenly gaze on all.

The yellow corn, that doth adorn,
Each sloping hill, and field,
Will grow more fair, 'neath St. Martin's care,
And a greater abundance yield—
But no mill must go (or it bringeth woe
To its owner) on Martin's Day—
Thus it happened so, nor long ago—
The theme of the present lay.

A Quaker old, with stores of gold
And daily hoarding more,
Owned a spacious mill, that he would fill
With grain, from roof to floor:
He grudged the day for his men to pray,
Though they urged St. Martin's claim—
And he did not fear, or he would not hear,
And he laughed at St. Martin's name.

"The mill must go, if *I* say so—
I know not Martin," said he—
"So men begin, and let the Sin
If any, fall on me;
Ye may go, or stay, but who goes away,
May for ever quit my sight,
No idler may be employed by me,
And holidays are not right."

Some thought of their soul, and his miserly dole,
And quietly went their way,
Some thought for gain, that they would remain,
And so did a number stay:
Slowly the wheel, began to reel,
Dashing the water high,
Making it dance, beneath the glance
Of the dull November sky—
And then so fast, it went at last,
That it almost seemed to fly!

Round, and round, with a whirring sound,
The ponderous mill-wheel turned,
They strove indeed, to stop its speed,
But all control it spurned;
So rapid a pace, in any mill race
Was ne'er since the world began,
And the more they did, like a demon chid
The faster the mill-wheel ran.

The miller amazed, he gazed and gazed
And shook like a reed with fear
The men stood still as the props in the mill
Appaled by the wheels' career—
But word or sound in the building round
None dared, till the miller began
And shaking his head, most solemnly said,
"'Tis a touch from St. Martin's hand."

"Ho! there," said he, "I think I see
The wood begin to smoke,
The wheel flies fast, and I fear at last
'Twill fire the beam of Oak.
Heaven save us now!" and he crossed his brow
For a flame burst forth as he spoke—
And it spread and spread 'till above his head
Flashed fire in a sheath of smoke.

With might and main, they tried in vain,
Its onward course to stay,
The more they fought, the more it sought
Like a ravenous beast for prey;
Higher and higher, mounted the fire,
Without, and within the mill,
And splash, splash, splash, midst the hurry and crash,
The wheel went whirling still!

The moon that night shone calm and bright
On the place where the mill had been—
Alas! alas! it should come to pass,
That it looked on such a scene—
A smoldering heap, from which would leap
A flame, like the lightning's glow,
And white walls bare, were all that were there
Save the wheel in the stream below!

M. C. B.

THE "TABLET" IN ALBANY, N. Y.

Our Subscribers in Albany, N. Y., will be served in future with the TABLET, from the Bookstore of Miss E. O'Sullivan, South Pearl street, who has kindly consented to act as Agent in Albany. Any of our Subscribers wishing the back numbers can have them on application at Miss O'Sullivan's store. She keeps on hand a large assortment of Catholic Books, Pictures, Beads, &c.

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SISTERS OF CHARITY HAVING CHARGE OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

Asylum for Boys, in Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets—Sister Servant, Sister Elizabeth.

Asylum for Girls, in Prince, corner of Mott—Sister Servant, Sister Mary Frances.

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

COLLECTION FOR ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY.

The following collections have been received from the different churches up to the present date:

St. Stephen's	$384 00
St. Jospeh's	373 28
St. Francis Xavier's	314 00
St. Patrick's Cathedral	313 56
St. Mary's	295 01
St. Peter's	256 00
Church of the Holy Cross	219 61
St. Anne's	210 00
Roundout	176 00
St. James's	176 00
St. Columba	173 00
St. John the Evangelist	170 00
Nativity	160 25
St. Andrew's	124 75
Transfiguration	105 00
Immaculate Conception	101 00
Newburgh	100 00
Goshen	100 00
Poughkeepsie	100 00
Manhattanville	92 00
Yorkville	80 50
Cold Spring	78 10
Piermont	72 00
Port Jervis	59 42
Yorker	56 00
Holy Redeemer and St. Alphonsus	53 50
Harlem	50 75
St. Vincent de Paul	50 09
New Brighton	49 00
Port Chester	45 00
Tarrytown	40 00
Bossville	34 50
St. Francis Seraph	33 00
Clifton	30 00
St. Nicholas	30 00
Channingsville	25 00
Morrisania	23 00
New Rochelle	16 00
St. John the Baptist	10 00
Total	$4,778 32

FCS. MCNEIRNY.

Nov. 12, 1857.

LECTURE.

A LECTURE by the Most Rev. Archbishop HUGHES will be delivered in St. James's Church, James street, for the benefit of St. James's Free School, on Sunday evening, November 22nd, to commence at seven o'clock. Subject—"*The Education of the Catholic Youth.*"

Tickets (fifty cents) can be procured from the Sextons of the different Catholic Churches in the City; also at the Bookstores of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 164 William street; Edward Dunigan & Bro., 371 Broadway; P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway; and at the doors on the evening of the lecture.

LECTURE BY DR. IVES.

L. S. Ives, Esq., LL.D., will lecture before the Catholic Library Association, at Hope Chapel, on the evening of Wednesday, the 18th November, at 8 o'clock. Subject—"*The Cowardice and Bondage of Error.*" Tickets 25 cents; to be had at the Rooms of the Association, 839 Broadway; Dunigan and Bro., 371 Broadway; P. O'Shea, 739 Broadway; R. Coddington, 366 Bowery; and Sadlier & Co., 164 William street.

CARDINAL DE BERULLE.

HIS LIFE, HIS WRITINGS, AND HIS TIMES.

Translated from the French of M. Nourrisson,
PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT CLERMONT,
By Arthur F. Knobloch.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ORATORY.

Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Philip Neri, and Cæsar de Bus—Foundation of the Oratory in France—Internal Regulations—Propagation of the Oratory—Memorial for the direction of Superiors.

As early as 1546, the Fathers of the Council of Trent were convinced of the expediency of forming a new set of ministers of God. With a view to accomplish this, they deemed it necessary to open not only high seats of learning, but also seminaries wherein young persons might be trained in ecclesiastical discipline. Their advice had been followed. In pursuance of their decree, Saint Charles Borromeo founded seminaries in his diocese of Milan. Moved also, perhaps by that powerful appeal, Saint Philip Neri, "that priest so thoroughly imbued with the love of God, whose zeal was so great and so vast, that the whole world was too small for the extensiveness of his heart, while that heart was too small for the boundlessness of his love," convened in 1550 a number of young ecclesiastics, who with him devoted themselves to the instruction of children, and who were called *Oratorians* because they were wont to stand in front of churches to call the people to prayer.

France stood no less than Italy in need of similar institutions. In 1592, Cæsar de Bus had already organized at Avignon a congregation of priests who, after having in the first place employed their time in teaching the children in the country, soon occupied under the name of Fathers of the Christian school, or Lay Brothers, several colleges. But something was still wanting. It was desirable to establish an order, to the example of whose virtues would be joined the authority derived from learning, and which while distinct from the century in its character, would still be connected with it by its duties. The Order of the Oratory offered unusual advantages for the execution of such a design, and Berulle appeared to everybody as of all men the best suited to realize this end. He was, therefore, constantly and strongly urged on this subject.

"I have now for some time," writes Madam Acarie, in 1606, to Father Cotton, "been urging M. de Berulle to enter upon this undertaking, and he will not do it; but he must do it. Help me to persuade him." Francis de Sales, and Chancellor de Sillery, in whom Baronius, General of the Oratory had inspired a genuine admiration for the Order, joined their entreaties to those of Madam Acarie. Cardinal de Joyeuse offered to place at Berulle's disposal a considerable sum. The Marchioness of Meignelay declared it to be the inmost wish of her heart to consecrate all her fortune to this work, while her brother Mgr. de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris, looked forward with much interest to its execution. Finally the queen regent, Mary de Medicis, pledged her protection and her support, thereby continuing the religious propagandism she had long since commenced.

After several years of endeavor on his part to excuse himself from so vast an undertaking, Berulle was finally induced to offer no further resistance, or rather to obey. But he was at least loath to assume the responsibility which would rest upon him on taking in hand the direction of the matter, and he entreated in turn Francis de Sales, and Doctor Gallemant, to place themselves at the head of the community. Francis de Sales who but a short time previous had been made Bishop of Geneva, excused himself on the ground of his duties: Gallemant sheltered himself under the plea of his age. Thus compelled to exercise a control he would fain have seen vested in other hands, Berulle's whole aims were to draw up a constitution on which would depend the prosperity and perpetuity of the Order, and its influence in promoting the welfare of souls.

His plan of action fully corroborated the highest estimation in which his sense and superior judgment may have been held. While too many founders of orders appear to have at heart to impress upon their institutions a mark peculiar to them, Berulle far preferred to follow the great road of tradition than to tread the paths one traces for himself. He investigated into what had been practised prior to the time, and applied himself with sustained energy to excel his predecessors in what they had done, without at the same time pursuing a different course to theirs. Hence, in the same manner as he had neglected nothing that might lead the Spanish Carmelites to come and impart to the French Carmelites the spirit of Saint Theresa, he spared no pains to induce a few disciples of Saint Philip Neri to enter his new Oratory. This attempt proved futile. Turning his attention to another quarter, he endeavored to obtain accession to his number by drawing from the ranks of the Lay Brothers. But a new check controlled his decision to take an independent and definite course.

He accordingly rented in the faubourg Saint James the hotel Petit-Bourbon, which occupied a portion of the site where at a later period the Val-de-Grace was erected. In doing this he was fixing his residence in the neighborhood of his much-beloved Carmelites. There on the eleventh day of November, 1611, bearing the title of Fathers of the Oratory of Jesus, John Bence of Rouen, James Gastaud of Niort, both doctors of the Sorbonne; Paul Metezeau of Dreux, Francis Burgoing, bachelors of the same university, and Father Caron who resigned the vicarage of Beaumont, came to reside with Berulle. In the month of December of the same year, letters patent declared this house a royal institution. On the second day of January, 1612, these letters were registered in Parliament, and on the eighteenth of October, the institution received the approbation of the bishop of Paris. It remained to obtain from Rome a bull of institution. Then arose a series of troubles and delays.

Berulle wishing to reconcile the obedience becoming priests to the freedom essential to a secular order, required that outwardly the members of the Oratory would submit to the bishops, but that inwardly they would conform to the will of the Pope alone. Moreover, the Oratory in France differed from the Oratory in Italy on an essential point; for while the houses of the Oratorians in Italy were independent of one another, they were to form in France but one corporate whole. M. de Soulphour who represented to the Sovereign Pontiff the interests of the Oratory, finally succeeded in removing all obstacles, and Paul V. dispatched the bull, May 10, 1613. He even accorded the founder full liberty to draw up the regulations of the Order, save the ulterior ratification of the Holy See.

Berulle who was not wont to hurry anything, had, until then, done nothing beyond giving some advice and a few general precepts to the priests by whom he had been joined. These constituted the same pious generalities that are to be found included in the plan of management which he submitted to M. de Paris, and afterwards to the Pope.

"The ecclesiastical state," says he, "sacred in its origin, and the fertile source of all sanctity in the Church, by the contingency of the times, finds itself open to luxury, ambition, and idleness. To obviate these evils, it is expedient that the members of the congregation of the Oratory should profess great simplicity in their use of earthly goods, to hold no ecclesiastical benefices, and to evince a boundless zeal in the discharge of their sacerdotal functions." But in proportion to the stability the Order was acquiring, the greater became the necessity of adopting a well-defined course.

Berulle decided, therefore, that the congregation should comprise two kinds of members, a part of whom composing the ruling portion of the Order would never cease their connection with it, while the other having by a residence among them for a greater or less length of time become thoroughly imbued with its spirit and its maxims, would be able to mix with the secular clergy, and to accept benefices, or calls. Neither were to be bound by any kind of vows. Their founder only required them to be held by the bonds of charity, deeming that in the mystery of the Incarnation the link between Divine nature and human nature is no other thing than the love of the Divine Word for human nature. Hence the name of *Antivotists* was given to the priests of the Oratory. In short, Berulle specified no time for the noviciate. Never had the members of a congregation been left to the exercise of so much individual liberty, but never also did charity and humility yield more abundant fruits. Instead of placing themselves under the absolute control of a superior, each member of the Order divested himself of his own accord by a special worship of Jesus, and a fervent devotion to the Virgin. Was not this exhibiting a wonderful insight into the secrets of the inner life, and instead of lessening their dependence, was it not increasing it by not placing the principle of it in a purely human authority? Therefore we do not find that discipline has relaxed in the Oratory, in consequence of the peculiar nature of its organization. Far from it; we cannot deny that this very feature in its organization has proved a cause of its rapid development.

In 1613, the Order was already obtaining marks of public attention. "Under the name of priests of the Oratory," writes the *Mercury*, "a new congregation has been established in the suburb of Saint James. They are all priests surrounded by the appliances of comfort, and men of learning who dwell together in a community, in the manner of monks. They spend the greater portion of the day in prayer and meditation. They wear the cassock like the Roman priests. They carry also a long cloak with a collar, not standing like that of the Jesuits, but turned down. Many have spoken of this congregation in the highest terms of praise, to which indeed it is in every way entitled, while others have been opposed to it."

The Fathers of the Oratory (Berulle had substituted the name of Fathers for the too-worldly appellation of Messrs.) then numbered about eighteen. Their services, which were followed by two lectures, each of half an hour's length, drew a large congregation. They were often honored by the attendance of the Queen Mother and the king.

The need of a new building more spacious and nearer the centre of the city was therefore felt.

After having for awhile contemplated to occupy the Hotel de la Monnaie, Berulle obtained in 1616, from Madam de Guise, sister of Cardinal de Joyeuse, the Hotel Du Bouchage, on the street of Saint Honore. The Oratory then seemed to be in the height of fashion. A great multitude flocked to admire the solemnity of the divine service, the pomp of the ceremonies, and to admire the choruses, in which mingled in the most delightful way the king's music with that of the Duke of Nevers, which at that time enjoyed the reputation of being the best in Paris. The Fathers of the Oratory were now everywhere called the Fathers of fine singing. Let us add to these attractions the popularity Fathers Burgoing, Metezeau, Hersent, Duchene, Dorron, Pasquier, and Gibieuf, acquired through their preaching, and we will easily understand why the chapel which had primitively been erected became in time too small. Berulle, therefore, proceeded to build another. The Duke of Montbazon laid the first stone, September 22, 1621, in the name of Louis XIII., who declared it the Chapel of the Louvre, while he proclaimed those officiating there Chaplains of the King. Of all the establishments on the rue Saint Honore, that building alone is standing, and retains the name of the Oratory. By causing every building which surrounded it to be removed, the opening of the rue de Rivoli has entirely erased its severe and elegant apsis.

Having attained this degree of prosperity, the Oratory could not long remain without enemies and slanderers. "Though the Fathers of the Oratory were persons whose learning, and whose manner of living were well known to be such as to be worthy of all praise, nevertheless envy added to malice sought to annoy them and injure their name by libellous tracts and rhymes, but those shafts in spite of every effort proved powerless."

We pass over a few other debates which the Fathers had to sustain, and we come at once to their discussions with the Jesuits.

So long as Berulle had remained a simple priest, the prominence of his virtues, the ardor of his zeal, and the wisdom of his counsels had elicited everywhere from the Jesuits the warmest admiration.

The most prominent among them, Fathers Cotton, de Sequiran, and de Suffren, unremittingly lavished testimonials of their esteem upon him—the society individually and collectively confessed itself indebted and thankful to him—Berulle had rendered it many an important service, when in 1594 it was driven from France, and he had since labored strenuously for its recall. But this good understanding was changed the day on which the Oratory was established. And yet Berulle had neglected nothing to spare the feelings of his old friends. Thus actuated, he resisted in 1602 the solicitations of Francis de Sales who was urging him to found the Oratory, so as not to seem to take advantage of the exile of the Society of Jesus, to which the liberty of returning was not given until 1604. "I have refused for ten years," he wrote, "Cardinal de Joyeuse and Cardinal de Retz employment in the institution of the Oratory, until it pleased them to my being ordered to it by His Holiness."

It did not even form a part of the original plan he had traced out for himself to take charge of any college, and the draft of the constitution she submitted to the Pope expressly specified the omission of certain functions peculiar to an institution: "those which had reference to the instruction of youth, the teaching of belles-letters, and those which conferred degrees, or led to a temporal and contentious jurisdiction."

This nicety of conduct and these inoffensive designs for the future did not prevent grievous dissent.

In the struggle he had to sustain, Berulle employed no other arms than those of firmness and patience. He actively pushed his work onward without complaining, or if he heaved a sigh, it was only echoed in the chambers of secrecy and in the ear of friendship, "For four years," he writes to one of his brothers in the Order, at Nantes, "have I been persecuted for what I have taught, by the very persons to whom above all others I had most reason to look for assistance, not only by the laws of charity, but still more by the duty of private gratitude. Blessed be God who allows them to complain who, in my estimation, are most deserving of blame."

The opposition failed, nevertheless, to impede the progress of the Oratory. From 1615 when the Order established its first college at Dieppe, it spread over the whole face of France with marvellous rapidity. Lucon, Bourges, Limoges, Nantes, Lyon, Macon, Troyes, Langres, Nancy, Rouen, Orleans, and Saumur begged that some of the Fathers of the Oratory might be sent to them. In 1619 the whole South fell within the limits of their jurisdiction, in consequence of the accession of Father Romillon, head of the Lay Brothers, who had refused to take the vows which Cæsar de Bus enacted.

Foreign countries even were anxious to secure such men, such learned teachers, such eloquent preachers, such discreet and intelligent administrators. The Oratorians were, therefore, called to Louvain, to Madrid, in Savoy and in Franche-Comte, which was at that time a dependency of the house of Austria, and if in 1618 they failed to found an establishment in Constantinople, and another in Jerusalem, they received the distinguished honor of being ordered by Louis XIII., and authorized by Paul V., to fill at Rome six chaplainships in the hospital of Saint Louis. We must also mention the endowment which the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen made at Paris for thirty clerks whom he placed under the superintendence of Father Bourgoing, and Father Bence, thus inaugurating the re-establishment of seminaries in France. Shortly afterwards the Order obtained possession, for the same purpose, of Notre Dame des Vertus, in the village Aubervilliers, and of that illustrious house of Saint Magloire in the suburb of Saint James, in which were reared so many holy priests and bishops. "Go," exclaimed Bossuet, "go to that house where repose the bones of the great Saint Magloire. There, in the purest and most serene air of the city, a large number of ecclesiastics breathe the still purer air of clerical discipline. They spread over the dioceses, and bear everywhere the spirit of the Church."

The Oratory could scarcely boast an existence of fifteen years, and it could already compute one hundred and fifty establishments, colleges, seminaries, and retreats. Circumstances had undoubtedly conduced much to this rapid diffusion of the Order. But the letters of direction, written by Berulle, bear ample testimony that these happy results were in a great measure his own work.

On the other hand, Berulle experienced the need of embodying in one complete course of instruction the fundamental principles which were to serve as rules to the Oratory. His project was to commence with the duties of superiors, inasmuch as it was incumbent upon them to superintend the working of the society; then to pass over to the duties of private members, according to the different functions it might devolve upon them to perform, including those of the brother servants; and finally to frame regulations for houses of instruction, and for the retreats.

With a view of attaining this end, he drew out in the early part of the year 1624, the *Memorial for the Direction of Superiors*. "A single soul," says he, while addressing superiors, "outweighs before God the whole world."—"To rule a soul is to rule a world." Animated with such lofty sentiments, Berulle composed a work which recalls to mind the *Treatise on Duties* by Saint Ambrose.

But this was but a preliminary. The negotiations in which the court employed him to the end of his days prevented him from giving the finishing stroke to this important work.

(To be continued.)

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

HOW THE QUEEN OF LEINSTER SERVED PRINCE CUMASCACH, A. D. 693.

Hugh (or Aodh) Mac Ainmirech had been twenty-six years in possession of the throne of Ireland when his son Cumascach set out from his northern palace on a tour of pleasure. We are to suppose—although historians are silent on the subject, that this young prince was both handsome and accomplished, according to the ideas of that age, for he appears to have counted with certainty on his personal and other attractions. He was, in fact, a gallant of the sixth century—precisely what we would now call a consummate coxcomb. Taking with him four battalions of the royal troops, he first marched into Leinster, and approached Rathban, the residence of the king of that province, situate near where the town of Baltinglas now stands. It was natural to suppose that the prince would have gone straight to the palace as Bran Dubh, the Leinster King, and his father were on amicable terms, but such a visit did not enter into Cumascach's plans. So he put up at the house of the nearest *beatagh*,* and having obtained satisfactory answers to certain inquiries of his, dispatched a messenger to the palace, requesting the queen to favor him with a visit, as she had particular reasons for wishing to avoid a meeting with Bran Dubh.

The queen was seated at the time amongst her maidens, embroidering a mantle of crimson silk† for the portly shoulders of Bran Dubh, when the prince's message was delivered. Starting up in surprise she asked what he could possibly want with her, but the messenger knew nothing more than he had already stated.

"It is very strange," muttered the queen in an under tone, "I have never seen this Cumascach, nor he me, that I know of, why, then, should he make so free? Still I had better go, as he has, perhaps, something important to say to me that he does not wish to tell to Bran. Aodh Mac Ainmirech has a strong arm to punish; it is not well to offend his son."

So taking with her two of her ladies, she went to pay her respects to the prince, who was evidently captivated by her charms, and took no pains to conceal his admiration. The Queen of Leinster certainly thought the heir-apparent somewhat too free, and finding his advances proceeding farther than she either relished, or could permit, she rose up with quiet dignity, affecting a composure which she did not feel, and begged the prince's permission to return home.

"Home!" repeated Cumascach, "home, fair Ailbe! why think of going so soon? I have heard that Bran is as black in heart as he is in name." "He is my husband, prince," said the queen calmly, though her color rose considerably. Gathering up the folds of her mantle at the same time, she was moving towards the door, when the prince following laid his hand on her arm.

"You are not going, royal Ailbe—you must not go—I cannot part you so soon! Dismiss your attendants, and stay yet a little. I have not told you the business which brought me hither!"

The queen was not so easily deceived. There was fire in the dark, bold eyes of the speaker, and passion in his glowing cheek, and she felt herself in danger, for her ladies were in the adjoining chamber. Knowing, however, that her best policy was to appear to suspect nothing, she assumed a careless tone, and said:

"I would rather hear what you have to say in my own house, prince, but as you seem to understand already, my husband is not over fond of gay visitors such as you—he is some what of the sternest at times—so if you will just wait till I give orders here about the better entertainment of yourself and the men who are with you, I will return and attend to you. Meantime, my prince, keep close and speak to none of my proposed return." "But how can I be sure of your coming back?" And as he spoke, the enamored prince laid hold of the queen's mantle.

Ailbe's presence of mind was proof even against this. Raising her right hand to her head, she drew out the golden bodkin* from amid her jetty locks, and handing it to Cumascach, told him to keep that as a pledge that what she said was true.

"If I do not redeem that token," said she, "within twelve hours, and make ready a fitting banquet for the son of Hugh Mac Ainmirech, then never trust woman or queen again." And so saying she passed on to the door with a step so stately, and a mien so calm and collected that the prince, bold as he was, could not muster courage for any farther attempt, and opening the door, he ushered her out with a courteous smile, saying in her ear as she passed:

"Remember I will expect you. I hold your bodkin as my pledge."

The queen smiled, too, but her smile had a doubtful meaning for it evidently startled the "gay Lothario," but it was then too late to retract his permission for the fair enslaver had passed out into the open air, followed by her ladies.

Making the best of her way to the palace, the queen sent for her husband who was not far distant at the time, and told him of the audacious conduct of Cumascach Mac Aodh.

"I left him my bodkin, as a pledge, Bran," said she with an arch smile. "I leave it to you to redeem it, and make good my word that he should be fitly entertained. If I am not mistaken, you will give him a welcome such as he deserves at our hands."

"Never fear!" said Bran. "He shall pay dearly for his frolic, or my name is not Bran. Take your maidens with you to the wood of Dun-buchat, Ailbe, for if this prince escaped me, it might chance to go hard with us all, and you in particular."

So the queen, like a dutiful wife, retired to the depths of the adjacent forest, amongst the deep vales of the Wicklow mountains charging her husband to be prudent and watchful, lest the young libertine should escape his vengeance, and then his own life might be the forfeit.

"That is just what I mean to do," replied the king, "for my forces are not in readiness at the present time to meet Hugh Ainmirech. I have been thinking of a plan, but I will say nothing of it till I see how it succeeds. God and the Virgin have you in their keeping, Ailbe, till I see you again."

Bran went then to one of his oldest and most attached servants, whose clothes he borrowed, and with the hood of the *cochal*† drawn over his head, the better to conceal his noble visage, he straight repaired to the *beatagh's* house where Cumascach awaited the return of the queen. As it was then evening, he set fire to the house without being observed, having previously stationed some battalions of his own men at convenient distances around the house, so as to keep Cumascach's followers engaged. He then retreated a little way to watch the effect of his operations. He had taken care to charge his men that all others except the prince might be suffered to pass, but that Cumascach must not escape with life. The prince's followers were at the time enjoying themselves, within and around the house, many of them being scattered abroad over the neighborhood in search of amusement, for neither Cumascach nor his officers were over strict in the matter of discipline. None of them had any idea of what was going on, for the dim twilight favored Bran's bold enterprise, and the beatagh's wine and metheglin were so good that the men of Leath-Conn had indulged in copious draughts to the great detriment of their vision.

Cumascach himself while anxiously waiting the queen's return, had availed himself of the beatagh's invitation to a sumptuous feast which he had prepared for the son of the monarch of Ireland with the chieftains who accompanied him. Little thought had the gay Cumascach that the arm of the avenger was uplifted above him ready to strike, or that ladies' eyes should never again charm his senses.

All at once there was a cry of "fire," and instantly the banquet chamber was deserted. Forth from hall and kitchen rushed the inmates of the house, all in pallid disorder, for no one knew where the fire was. And amongst the rest went Cumascach, but not so fortunate as the others, he was driven back into the house now partially enveloped in flames. Betrayed by the seven colors of his silken cota,* and the golden chain which hung from his neck, the men of Leinster distinguished him amongst the confused crowd and threw him back into the house as often as he attempted to pass the door. Some of his followers gather around him with many professions of devotion—before he could say a word to encourage them they were gone, scared thence by the dread approach of the hissing flame. In a few minutes the unfortunate prince was alone—alone with the terrible fire-king, and his own bitter remorse and despair had already benumbed his faculties, when he felt himself seized by the arm in the dark corner wherein he had thrust himself to await death. A *fillead** was thrown over his shoulders, and a cap placed down over his brows, then he felt that some one drew him along through a narrow passage; the cries of the soldiery fell softer on his ear, and after the lapse of a few seconds he emerged with his unknown preserver from the stifling inclosure of the burning house, and after creeping on all-fours for the length of a pasture field, the prince was told by his companion to arise and make the best of his way across the country to Kilranelagh where he might possibly find shelter and protection.

"But for the future," said the man,—he was a servant of the betagh who had taken compassion on the wretched prince, "for the future, cast not your eye on the wife of another, nor make too free with honest women who covet not your company!"

"How, friend!—what mean you? Has Bran Dubh heard——"

"Never mind what he has heard, prince, but save your own life, if you can!—yonder lies your way."

"But my men——"

"Wait not for them, prince!" cried the servant impatiently, "you are safer alone—away, I tell you again, or King Hugh will have to mourn the loss of a son before the morrow's sun sets!" He was gone before Cumascach could reply.

All the way to Kilranelagh, the forlorn prince kept breathing vows of everlasting vengeance against the false queen of Leinster and her dark-browed spouse. Her bodkin he pitched into a turbid pool, wishing it was her mangled body, and laughing like a maniac as it sunk in the muddy waters.

"If I only live to get back to Aileach,"† said he, "I will come hither with such an army as will crush this Bran Dubh and his line for ever—by all the gods of ancient Erin, I will dye my skein in his heart's blood, and let the proud, false Ailbe look to it then!"

But Cumascach was doomed never to see Aileach again, and his vengeful ravings were but as the howling of the wintry blast. Next morning when he reached Kilranelagh, the report of the whole affair had arrived before him, and the petty chieftain of the place, a retainer of Bran Dubh's, cut off his head which he sent as a present to the king his liege lord. This, then, was the end of Cumascach, and a doleful end it was.‡

* In conformity with the ancient laws of Ireland, even in Pagan times, there were certain houses of hospitality established in every locality, and supported by grants of the public property. The masters of these institutions were called *betaghs*

† That embroidery was much in use in ancient Ireland, and crimson mantles worn by our kings. See Walker on *The Dress of the Ancient and Modern Irish*.

* See Walker on *The Dress of the Irish*, p 13.

† The *cochal* or *cowla* was the upper garment; a kind of long cloak, with a large hanging collar or hood of different colors.

* The large loose cloak of the period.

† The Ulster palace where Aodh Ainmirech then resided.

‡ History tells us that when the Monarch Hugh heard of the death of his son, he marched with a powerful army into Leinster, where Bran Dubh, having assembled his vassals, gave battle to the king of Ireland, whose army was defeated and himself slain.

— In our next, ST. AIDAN OF IONA AND THE SAXON KING OSWALD; DERMOT AND BLATHMAC AT CLONMACNOISE, A. D. 649.

"NIGHT AND MORNING" IN NEW ORLEANS.

(From the Orleanian of the 2d inst'ant.)

NIGHT.—From the time that night set in, and the moon reflected her bright sheen around—scarcely a solitary individual could be witnessed on the streets. All the houses were closed, and well might New Orleans, at eight o'clock, be pronounced to be sleeping in the moonlight. Occasionally a skulking little knot would momentarily show themselves at a corner, like the roaring lion of scripture, watching whom they could pounce on and devour.

MORNING.—Yesterday morning, when the Irish residents of several small tenements on Marigny street opened their doors, they were terrified on seeing placards printed in red ink, posted on the sides of their houses, said placards having in the centre of them devices of formidable six-shooters and dirk-knives placed satire-wise. Above which were printed the words, "The Crisis has come! Death or Liberty!" and underneath the ominous signature of "Sam." They were so appalled that they feared to place a finger on them, and there they remained throughout the day. It seemed like the Morgiana marking of the doors in the Ali Baba tale, only that the latter was white, and the other red—to render it the more appalling.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. *Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.*

This new Magazine, issued by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, promises to become our leading monthly. Published in "the Athens of America," it is a pity that its first article is devoted to a foreign subject; but so long as it retains the high tone which distinguishes the number before us, it deserves a general audience. "Pendlam: a Modern Reformer," is an excellent home thrust at the sects which rave and madden round the land. The article on "British India" is conceived in questionable taste, but contains useful information; and "Every Man his own Boswell" is, perhaps, the ablest paper, after "Pendlam," in the number.

The poetry of the *Atlantic* is finely Catholic. Here is an example:

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

Tritemius of Herbipolis one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice,—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upwards broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child, from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said,—"my prayers." "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies!"

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor.
A single soldo is our only store.
Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God may well spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me, if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's eager palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He rose to find the chapel all a-flame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN CHILI.—A correspondent of one of our morning cotemporaries gives the following account of the manner in which the last anniversary of Chilian Independence has been celebrated at Santiago, the capital of the Republic:

"On the 18th September, the anniversary of the Independence of Chili, Grand High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral Church of the Capital, at which attended the President, Cabinet, officers of the Army, Diplomatic Corps, and other distinguished citizens. The admirably disciplined troops of the line were drawn up in the public square of the city, and a salvo of artillery announced to the listening thousands that a thanksgiving was ascending from the altar of their religion to the throne of the Almighty for the liberties they were enjoying. Immediately afterwards, His Excellency the President was waited upon by the officers of the government and others. In the evening the splendid theatre of Santiago was opened for the first time, and gas for the first time also was introduced into the city. On the rising of the curtain twenty of the most distinguished young ladies of the city chanted the national hymn, the audience rising *en masse* at the first sound of their voices. The theatre of the capital, I may say *en passant*, is one that can scarcely be equalled on this continent. It is copied in nearly all its details from the Royal Opera House of Berlin, and has cost over half a million of dollars. The chandelier which lights it is the largest in the world. On the 19th, every one who could secure a conveyance, and all who had carriages,—and no city in the world of its population boasts so many,—went to the Campo Marte, without the city, where the President, attended by his Cabinet, reviewed the troops of the line and the national guard, who there went through their respective evolutions.

"On the 21st, a splendid ball was given in the Theatre, the parquette of which was boarded over for the occasion. This lasting until eight o'clock of the 22d, was succeeded on the 23d by a fancy ball, which would have done honor to Newport or Saratoga in their palmiest days. Many ladies carried on their shoulders hundreds of thousands of dollars, and there was a splendor of dress that I have rarely seen equalled. We had also the inauguration of the new Railroad between Santiago and Talca, which was celebrated by a sumptuous banquet at San Bernardo, given by the President of the Company."

THE RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS OF QUEBEC.

The Cathedral and the Seminary, with their Paintings.—The Jesuits' Barracks.—St. Patrick's Church.—The Ursuline Convent, its Paintings.—The Hotel Dieu.—The General Hospital.—St. Roch's Church, its Paintings.—The Convent of the Sisters of the Congregation.—The Christian Brothers and their Schools. The Sisters of Charity.—St. John's Church.—The Churches of St Sauveur and St Columba. Reflections on Quebec.—Henchy's Hotel. The Country between Montreal and Quebec. The Chaudiere River and its Cascade. The Village of Richmond.—Richelieu River and the Belail Mountains

MONTREAL, Nov. 5th, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TABLET.

DEAR SIR:—At the close of my last week's letter I promised to give your readers some account of the religious institutions of Quebec. In this respect the sister city is nothing behind Montreal, and, in proportion to its population, will compare favorably with any city on the western continent. All the older churches and convents are situate within the walls in the Upper Town, protected by the guns and ramparts which were French at the time of *their* foundation. They are all, consequently, gathered together on a small space, and when we consider the limited extent of the city proper, we cannot but admire the munificent piety of the French commanders who gave so large a portion of that space for the buildings and gardens of the servants of God. They rightly considered—those brave and faithful warriors—that the services of priests and nuns were of the first importance in a young Christian community, and that the accommodations given to them actually extended to the poor, the suffering, and the ignorant, whether amongst the military colonists or the natives of the soil.

On the east side of the old Market Place are the Cathedral and the Seminary of Quebec. The former has as yet no pretensions to architectural beauty, although it begins of late to follow the march of progress by the erection of a tower in the Moorish style to correspond with one which had long stood in lonely grandeur on an angle of the front wall. The interior, like most of the Quebec churches, is handsomely fitted up. It has two tiers of galleries, and is, notwithstanding, airy and cheerful. It has four chapels, enriched, like the nave, with rare paintings, most of them the work of eminent French artists. The altar piece represents the Immaculate Conception—on the north side of the choir is St. Paul in his ecstatic vision (by Carlo Maratti), and on the south, Our Blessed Saviour ministered to by Angels (Restout). Over the pulpit is a glorious Vandyke representing Our Saviour on the Cross with Angels catching the precious blood from his five wounds. This is a painting of great power and truth, and would alone repay a visit to Quebec. One could stand for hours before it, and even then leave it with reluctance. On the opposite pillar is a copy of Annibal Carrachi's famous *Nativity of Christ; Our Lord mocked and insulted by the soldiers* (Fluret); *The Descent of the Holy Ghost*, a very beautiful design by Vignon; and *The Holy Family* with the Eternal Father looking down on his beloved Son, by Blanchard.

Leaving the Cathedral, you turn down one of those quaint, old-fashioned little streets so common in Quebec, and at the further end, through a time-worn archway, you behold the Seminary, a large and substantial, but very plain edifice, forming three sides of a square, in the centre of which, right opposite the gate, is an ancient cross, like the market-crosses of old times. On the left hand side of the archway is the entrance to the chapel, and, although it is neither large nor any way remarkable for beauty, its otherwise unadorned walls are hung with the richest works of art, framed for the most part in plain dark wood. Over the altar is the *Flight into Egypt*, by Vanloo, and over that again a small oval painting of two Angels—a gem of grace and beauty by Le Brun—the *Trance of St. Anthony*, by D'Avignes—the *Day of Pentecost*, a chef d'œuvre of the Champagnes—*Peter's Deliverance from Prison*—a noble painting representing the Vision of St. Jerome, by D'Hullin—an *Ascension*, by the Champagnes (whose pictures pleased me most after those of Vandyke and Le Brun)—*St. Jerome* writing, by the same masterly artists—the *Baptism of Christ*, by Halle—the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Bourieu—the *Saviour and the Woman of Samaria at the Well*, by Lagrenee—*Angels Ministering to the Virgin*, and preparing "the swaddling clothes" for the infant Jesus, by De Dieu. There are also in the chapels in the wings, two different views of the *Hermits of the Theban Deserts*, by Guillot. Think of all these treasures of art inclosed within one small chapel, for after all it is not large.

Fronting on the old Market Place to the west are the *Jesuits' Barracks*, which take their oddly-sounding name from their having been originally the Jesuit College. The large square in the midst, now a yard, was in former times the beautiful garden of the College. Opposite the esplanade, not far from St. John's Gate, is the Church of the Congregation at present belonging to the Jesuits. Although it has little to distinguish it either within or without, its tin roof and lofty spire, seen above the ramparts, form a graceful feature in the tableau of the city—it is at present undergoing some repairs, and will soon be considerably enlarged.

St. Patrick's Church, fronting on St. Helen street, is a large and substantial stone building, belonging exclusively to the Irish inhabitants. Its internal decorations are very fine, and the entire building within and without is neat and well finished. It is furnished with galleries supported by rows of Saxon arches, and has a noble centre altar with two lateral altars, which are also very tastefully ornamented. A very good organ, a most accomplished organist (M. Sabatier), and some five or six young ladies with as many gentlemen—all amateurs—make St. Patrick's very attractive. Near the Church there is a noble presbytery, at present occupied by the Rev. Mr. McGauran, pastor of St. Patrick's. This large and very handsome edifice has been erected by the congregation of St. Patrick's for the dwelling of their pastor, and with the church itself, forms a noble monument to their piety and zeal, and does honor to the great Apostle whose memory is thus perpetuated in every clime by the descendants of his spiritual children.

The Ursuline Convent is a flourishing institution, opening on Parlor street, its Church on Garden street. The community numbers at present sixty nuns. Their house is plain to a degree even unusual with religious communities in these countries—every apartment, indeed, indicates the austere and world-forgetting life of the occupants. The chapel and sacristy are alone in any degree ornamented. The high altar is elaborately decorated, although in a quaint and fanciful style, which seems strange to us in this age of novelty and progress. Here, too, as in the Cathedral and the Seminary Chapel, are several pictures of great value which might serve as studies for the artist. Over the grand altar is the Nativity of Our Lord—over the eastern altar a beautiful painting representing Jesus showing His sacred heart to the nuns—this is by Le Sueur. On the opposite wall is a small round picture—a *Virgin and Child* in the style of Raphael. Next to the pulpit is a large painting of considerable merit—*Christians Captured by the Algerines*, next to that a good picture representing *Louis XIII. of France* and the first Royal Governor of New France, the king holding a tablet of the Bourbon family as it then existed, the governor in the act of doing homage, an allegorical representation of Canada. The picture seems to me rather out of place in a church, but that is all matter of taste. Over the portal is a very large painting, and a very good one,—Our Lord at supper in the house of Simon the Leper with the Magdalen anointing His feet—this is by the Champagnes and is well worthy of examination. There is also a good delineation of the Miraculous draught of fishes, but of all the pictures in the Ursuline Church I most admired the *Wise* and *Foolish Virgins*—one of the most beautiful paintings I ever saw. There is a divine lightness and grace about the Wise Virgins—a calm and yet most exquisite happiness on their half-human, half-angelic faces that, I think, no mortal hand could produce unaided from above.

Of the Hotel Dieu little need be said. To those who have seen the Hotel Dieu in Montreal, any description of it is unnecessary. The cloistered nuns of this community, in both cities, are exclusively devoted to the care of the sick, for whom they have an hospital within their walls. In the Chapel of the Order in Quebec there are a few fine paintings, one of the best of which is *St. Bruna in Meditation*—another, *The Vision of St. Teresa.*

Leaving the Upper Town by St. John's Gate, we descend into St. Roch's suburbs situate along the winding banks of the St. Charles. There we find the General Hospital, another community of cloistered nuns, founded by Bishop St. Vallier, towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the shelter and accommodation of aged and infirm persons both male and female. It is a noble institution, reminding one of the Grey Nunnery in Montreal—that is in the appearance of the house, the halls, &c. The resemblance by no means extends to the nuns, for those of the General Hospital in Quebec follow the rule of St. Augustine, wear a white habit and are strictly cloistered. There is yet another important difference, viz.—these Augustinian nuns of Quebec are also devoted to the instruction of youth, and have a large number of boarders. Not far from the General Hospital is St. Roch's Church, a spacious and rather handsome church whose lofty front is surmounted by a brazen statue of the patron Saint. It has two tiers of galleries, a noble chancel, and a fine organ. The interior decorations are in very good taste, and there is a soft, subdued light all over the church, which gives it a solemn religious aspect. St. Roch's, although a suburban church, is still a parish church, and has a very large congregation. It, too, has some good paintings, the principal of which are *St. Nicholas*, by Vignon, *The Holy Family*, by Colin de Vermond, *The Annunciation*, by Restout, *The Resurrection*, by Chalis St. Roch, and a *Virgin*, by Blanchard.

Right opposite St. Roch's Church is the large and very handsome Convent of the Sistors of the Congregation, a branch of the house in Montreal. This is one of the finest institutions in Quebec, and, being of modern erection, contrasts very favorably with the older establishments. There are at present about 700 children, between boarders and externs, receiving instruction at the hands of this accomplished sisterhood. The house is airy and well-lighted; the halls and corridors lofty and well proportioned. Some very beautiful specimens of various kinds of fancy-work may be seen in the pretty reception-room. There is an air of simple, *religious* taste pervading the apartments of this house that is very pleasing to visitors, and the graceful suavity of the good Sisters leaves an agreeable impression on the mind.

The Christian Brothers have three flourishing schools in and about Quebec, one outside St. John's Gate, one at Diamond Harbor, and one at Point Levi. The Sisters of Charity have an extensive establishment outside St. John's Gate, and their church, though not very large, is one of the prettiest and most tasteful in or about the city. Its galleries are uncommonly light and elegant in their construction.

St. John's Church, somewhat further on in the same direction, is a large and substantial building, but has nothing remarkable either in or out, with the exception of its two lofty spires, which are of recent erection. They are both light and graceful in form, and are conspicuous from almost every part of the city and its environs. There is also the Church of St. Sauveur in the St. Roch's Suburbs, which belongs to the Peres Oblats, and at Little Cove, some miles from the city, is the very handsome new Church of St. Columba, of which the Rev. Mr. Harkin is Pastor. *Apropos* to this church, it is one of the finest sites about the city, and the Irish people of Quebec may well be proud of it, dedicated as it is to one of our greatest patrons—Columba of the Churches. On the whole, Quebec has rather surpassed my pre-conceived ideas of it. Not, as I said before, on account of its beauty or even convenience as a place of abode—for, after all, it is anything but convenient to be continually ascending and descending in walking the streets of a city. But still the noble old city has, and will ever have, many charms for strangers. It abounds in little nooks and corners of the most quaint description. At every turn one comes upon something wholly unexpected, something foreign to the present, and clearly belonging to the past. It is an old city in the midst of a new country, and looks much older than it really is. It is a city of strange contrasts, a modern Januarius with two faces, one military, the other religious, reminding us of the consecrated knights of old, who united in their own person the soldier and the monk.

Before concluding this notice of the city I cannot refrain from mentioning, for the benefit of intending tourists, the very comfortable home to be had, during their stay in Quebec, at Henchy's Hotel, St. Ann street, fronting on the Place d'Armes. I can say, from experience, that every attention is there paid to strangers, and, what is equally important in these hard times, the charges are very moderate.

The railroad journey between Montreal and Quebec has little scenic beauty to boast of, with the exception of the Chaudiere River, and the misty spray of its fine cascade, seen from the bridge, the picturesque village of Richmond, by the clear waters of the St. Francis, and above all the noble scenery on the Richelieu river—including the Belail mountains—the rest of the way is as tame as wild bush-land without hill, or dale, or stream, can well be.

Hoping that your readers may not find this letter like the road of which I have spoken, and that you will excuse the length to which it has unconsciously extended itself,

I am, dear sir, very truly, &c.,

HIBERNICA.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Rumored fall of Delhi.—The news wants confirmation.—Eng ish tactics.—The English account of the assault.—The Ghoorkees and Cashmerians repulsed.—The main attack successful.—Want of authentic news of the events of the 17th and 18th.—Gen. Nicholson wounded.—Officers falling thickly.—Escape of the King of Delhi.—The despatch from Marseilles.—The English besieged.—Despatch from the French Consul General in Egypt.—Lucknow unrelieved.—Havelock and Outram.—Death of Mr. Colvin.—The revolt still spreading.—Conspiracies in Bombay.—Col. Lawrence declines attacking the Joudpore legion.—The Legion beats the Rajah's troops.—Commissioner Mason killed.—Col. Lawrence forced to retire.—Another despatch from Marseilles.—Oude in arms.—Assam revolted.—The revolt spreading to the Chinese borders.—Disarming of Europeans at Calcutta.—Protests against the E. I. Company.—The HUBBARD to be suppressed.—Hanging and blowing up.—Letter of a Scotch soldier.—Nena Sahib.—The American news.—The Catholic subscriptions.

LONDON, 30th October, 1857.

We are giving ourselves up to joy and glorification, for Delhi is taken—at least by anticipation. The news of the fall of that city rests on very slender authority, and we must wait for the next mail before we can know anything certain with regard to the events which transpired after the 16th, the last date to which we have official information. The express from Jeypore—the only authority for the fall of Delhi on the 20th—is said to have come through native sources; yet the news of the 17th and 18th we only have on the word of a correspondent who saw an extract from a private letter written by a Captain Eden, and dated Jeypore, September 23d. In the pompous editorials announcing the supposed triumph, we are now informed that the besieged held at their disposal the immense resources of a great arsenal, a large number of guns of the heaviest calibre, and vast stores of ammunition. You will remember that some time since the same writers proved conclusively that the insurgents were in want of everything, particularly powder and percussion caps. Though heretofore they have been unable to stand even a British cheer, they have on this occasion fought most desperately. This is a part of John Bull's system: he always makes a hero of a beaten enemy; it is a left-handed way of showing that he is twice a hero himself.

But I must lay before you, with all possible reservation, however, the current account of the fall of what (as I have shown in a former letter) is very erroneously called the stronghold of the insurrection. The long-expected siege train arrived on the 4th, and on the 8th the Cashmere Contingent. After five days' cannonading, well kept up on both sides, the assault was given on the 14th. The main attack on the Cashmere Gate was successful, but that on a suburb near the Lahore Gate, made by the Ghoorkas and the Cashmere Contingent was repulsed. On the 15th a breach was made in the wall surrounding the magazine, and the post was carried on the following day. On the evening of the 16th the besieged made an unsuccessful attempt to recapture the magazine. The events of the 17th and 18th we only know by the extract from the letter before-mentioned, which stated that the fighting lasted all day, and that the insurgents combatted like men who had no hope of pardon or mercy. This extract contains the not very reconcilable statement that the insurgents were "on some points successful, yet constantly repulsed." How they could be *successful* on *some points, and yet constantly repulsed*, is a mystery to me, and, I presume, to others also. The loss is said to be heavy on both sides, the English having a list of 600 killed and wounded, and 50 officers. Brigadier-General Nicholson was wounded. 200 guns are said to have been taken by the besiegers; the figure is a considerable one. The King of Delhi is said to have escaped with two of his sons, and to be encamped within six miles of Delhi. The King and his sons disguised themselves as women, while the ladies of the Zenana escaped dressed as men. This change of costume, though curious in itself, is rendered still more so, as there was not the slightest necessity for it.

Now for another account which the papers here have taken care not to publish. A despatch received by the French journals and dated Marseilles, 26th October, announces the fall of Delhi on the 14th instead of the 20th, and states that the English inside the city were far worse off than when outside it, as the insurgents had taken everything with them. From being the besiegers the English had become the besieged; the natives had intercepted communication on all sides, and Gen. Wilson's force was entirely without supplies. This despatch mentions the presence of Havelock and Outram at the assault, which is most probably an error; but the date assigned in it as the moment of the fall of the city is corroborated by a despatch from the Consul-General of France in Egypt, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and dated Alexandria, 17th October, which also assigns the 14th as the date of the capture.

Having given the story of the real or supposed triumphs I must now balance the account. Lucknow is unrelieved and nothing is known of the position or resources of the garrison. However, the Indian Government had received intelligence announcing that Gen. Havelock and Sir J. Outram, had combined their forces at Cawnpore, and had crossed the Ganges without opposition. From Agra we have news of the death of Mr. Colvin, the Lieutenant Governor of the North Western Provinces. The insurrection still continued to spread. In Bengal, the 50th Bengal Native Infantry had risen at Nagode, destroyed the public buildings and dismissed their officers. At Jubbulpore the 52nd Native Infantry revolted, and sent away their officers with the exception of one whom they kept as a hostage for the safety of one of their companies. At Hyderabad, capital of Nizam, between Madras and Bombay, the Native Artillery was disarmed. Conspiracies were set on foot in the very heart of Bombay and several regiments suspected of complicity were punished. The artillery at Shilkapore had also revolted but is said to have been defeated. On the other hand a sally from the fort of Saugoor was beaten back by the insurgents and the Colonel commanding killed. The Madras column was forced to abandon Doomah in order to use its efforts in endeavoring to protect Jubbulpore. Colonel Lawrence thought discretion the better part of valor and declined attacking the revolted Joudpore legion at Awa. The Colonel afterwards permitted the Rajah of Joudpore to attack them but the insurgents drove back the Rajah and his troops, and Mr. Mason, the Commissioner, who accompanied the attacking body was killed. The Colonel then tried his own men against the Legion but after some hard fighting was forced to retire.

A despatch from Marseilles of the same date as that alluded to in the commencement of my letter, and lpublished by the French Press, states that the news from Calcutta, of the 21st September, confirms the news of the taking of Delhi, with great loss to the English, and that the King of Delhi had escaped. The entire Kingdom of Oude was up in arms, and Havelock would find his advance through that Kingdom an impossibility. The Assam country *on the borders of China*, was also in open insurrection. The Santhal tribes at only ninety miles distance from Calcutta, were driving away the English employes. Calcutta was quiet since reinforcements had begun to arrive but numbers of *Europeans* were disarmed. The disarming of Europeans can only be motived by hostility to the East India Company on their part, and the continuation of the despatch would seem to strengthen the supposition, for it says that the opposition to the Company's administration was increasing daily, and that protests against it and its agents were being widely circulated. The *Hurkaru* journal was threatened with suppression. The French papers state that this news though not published in England had been received by the British Government.

The innocent recreation of blowing the Sepoys from guns is still continued on an extensive scale, and hanging goes on as vigorously as the most bloodthirsty of your cotemporaries on this side of the Atlantic could desire. Her Majesty's 83d regiment, bayoneted every soldier of the 2nd Cavalry who fell into their hands —"a style of business we greatly admire" says the Bombay *Times*. I lately gave a summary of English atrocities in India. To it may be added the following on the authority of a cannie Scot, a lance corporal in the 78th Highlanders. The Scottish worthy writing to a city paper informs us that at Cawnpore they made a native "lick up" part of the blood that was spilled and then hung him on a tree. "*Hanging*," says this son of Scotia "*is thought nothing of among us, we see so much of it every day.* Sometimes *thirty-one are executed of a morning* and others are blown from guns." The writer lives in hope of seeing "bonnie Scotland" once more, but thinks, and most probably with good reason, "that he will be a lucky dog who gets through safe."

The mail brings us two proclamations purporting to emanate from the "flend in human shape" Nena Sahib. These documents are evidently fabricated for the Nena by his generous enemies.

The intelligence of the suspension of specie payments by the banks of your city at first created an unfavorable impression here, but on reflection the mercantile classes considered it the wisest mode of action in the premises. Some important houses connected with the American trade have been dragged into failure by the non-arrival of remittances from New York. The general opinion of the Press is that the American crisis will not have such a disastrous effect here as was apprehended. All will depend, however, on the tenor of our next American advices.

The Indian news has taken up so much of my present epistle that several interesting items are crushed out. I have merely time to add that the collections made on Rosary Sunday, in the diocese of Westminster, are being paid into the joint credit of the Cardinal Archbishop and Mgr. Searle at the Western Branch of the London Joint Stock Bank, and when the objects for which the sums were collected shall have been attained, the balance will be given into the proper hands. I must close, for the hand of the clock is in dangerous proximity to the hour for posting. W.

The American party in this city has given the nomination for Mayor to James E. Cooley, who was formerly a book auctioneer. There is not, of course, the slightest chance of his election.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Delhi.—Despatch from Marseilles.—The Times *and the* Journal des Debats.—*The* Patrie.—*The* Pays.—*The* Courrier de Paris.—Murder of a Sleeping Sepoy by Sir H. Wheeler's Daughter.—*The Principalities.—The King of Prussia.—The New Spanish Ministry.—Pope Pius.—Gen. D'Orgoni.—The Siamese Embassy.—Letter from a Catholic Missionary in India.—The Sepoys Protecting the Nuns.*

Paris, 29th October, 1857.

The topic which has engrossed the French Press for a day or two past is the news of the fall of Delhi. At the risk of trespassing on the domain of my London *confrere*, I must point out the differences which exist between the official despatch from London, announcing the taking of the city on the 20th September, and a despatch from Marseilles, ignored by the English Press, which gives the 14th of that month as the date of the capture of Delhi. The English are in a most critical position, communication with the city being intercepted by the insurgents. The Marseilles despatch states that, previously to the assault, the insurgents sent the women and children out of the city and cleared it of provisions of all sorts before evacuating it themselves. It likewise says that Generals Outram and Havelock took part in the assault, but the statement lacks confirmation. I give you this information in case your English correspondent should not have cognizance of the Marseilles despatch.

The *Journal des Debats*, which took great pains to support the English cause, has been paid with ingratitude by the *Times*, and has been obliged to take up the lance in its own defence. In some remarks on an article published lately in the *Times* on the ill-will shown towards England by the French journals and glorifying the impartiality of England, the *Debats* recalls the massacre of the French soldiers by the Arabs at the marabout of Sidi-Braham, the English Press indulged in an "explosion of savage joy." The *Debats*, notwithstanding its English sympathies, protests against the cries for blood, which the *Times* daily puts forth, and condemns such language in the name of humanity as well of policy. The *Times* confesses, and the *Debats* corroborates its confession, that public sentiment in France is hostile to England. The *Patrie* and the *Pays* also reply to the attacks of the English Press. "We prefer," says the latter journal, "to attribute these insensate recriminations to a fit of bad humor; we know, besides, that misfortune frequently begets injustice."

The English correspondent of the *Courrier de Paris* remarks that the recent news shows that the women had not been abused at Cawnpore, that the King of Delhi sent orders to spare them and that Nena Sahib only gave the signal for the massacre, after having discovered that one of the female prisoners was in communication with the English at Allahabad. He also points out the fact of the youngest daughter of Sir Hugh Wheeler cutting off the head of a sleeping Sepoy and afterwards murdering the mother of her victim, his two children and his wife before the massacre.

The Divan *ad hoc* of Moldavia on the 19th ultimo declared in favor of the union of the Principalities under a foreign prince to be chosen from the reigning Western dynasties, with a representative government, the neutrality of the State, and the autonomy of the principality conformably to former treaties reserving the rights given to the Porte by those treaties. Out of 84 members of the Divan but two voted against the Union. On the 21st, the Divan of Wallachia unanimously adopted the entire Union programme with its various articles as voted by the Moldavian Divan. The Turkish government, which seems like that of Austria and that of England to forget the terms of the treaty of Paris, addressed a note to the Powers represented in the Paris Congress stating that it could not entertain the idea of a union of the Principalities and that the decision of the Divans could in no wise change its opinions on that question. The *Times* and the *Gazette Autrichienne* are furious against Russia whose only crime is endeavoring with France, Russia, and Sardinia to carry out the spirit of the Paris treaty. Austria has succeeded in putting an obstacle in the way of the European commission for regulating the free navigation of the Danube by the interpretation given to the 15th article of the treaty by the delegate representing her. In that article the contracting powers declare that the principles established by the Congress of Vienna shall be applied *to the Danube and to its mouths*. The Austrian delegate differing from all the other members of the Commission interprets it as applying merely to *the mouths* of the Danube. Austria would wish of course to keep the river to herself, but the Paris Congress which is to decide the question, will make short work of her curious interpretation.

A Cabinet order signed by the King of Prussia has confided to his brother, the Prince of Prussia and presumptive heir to the crown, the conduct of affairs during three months. A regency has not been permanently established as was stated at first. The King of Prussia is now sixty-two years of age. Prince Frederick William who is to replace him for a time is only two years younger than his royal brother. He is the father of Prince Frederick William Nicholas the affianced husband of the Princess Royal of England.

The Spanish Ministry has at last been formed. Martinez de la Rosa is First Secretary of State to the Queen, and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Joseph Casans, Minister of Justice; Finance: M. Mon; Navy: Admiral Bustillos; Interior: Bermudez de Castro; Public Works: Salaverria; War: Admiral Armero, President of the Council. The Admiral who is Captain-General of the Navy has been confounded with General Armero. The Admiral has been twice Minister of the Navy, in 1840 and in 1848. M. Salaverria has held the position of Minister of Finance in the Cabinet presided over by General O'Donnell. All the members of the new cabinet belong to the liberal conservative party.

His Holiness Pope Pius IX assisted at the laying of the first stone of the Station of Civita Vecchia on the 16th inst. No expense was spared to give due eclat to a ceremony which was honored by the presence of his Holiness. A magnificent altar was erected, and opposite to it, the Pontifical throne, raised twenty steps and under a canopy of velvet. In answer to an address his Holiness pronounced the following words:

"I am made happy by this ceremony, and I bless from the bottom of my heart all you have already done, and all you have yet to do for the completion of this glorious and useful enterprize."

Mgr. Begletti, Bishop of Civita Vecchia, surrounded by a great number of clergymen, then proceeded to consecrate the first stone which, after having been sprinkled with holy water and sanctified by the prescribed prayers, was sealed in in the usual manner. When the last stroke of the mallet was heard, his Holiness arose, pronounced his benediction, and then retired amid cries of: "Long live the Holy Father! Long live Pius IX!" His Holiness had returned to Rome.

The *Gazette de Lyon* announces the arrival of Gen. D'Orgoni, of Burman celebrity, in that city, on his way to Rome, for the purpose of submitting to the Sovereign Pontiff some idea regarding the protection of the Catholic population of Indo-China. The Burman Ambassador was to return to Lyon in a fortnight, and would set out at the close of the year for India. Gen. D'Orgoni is charged with a special mission by the Burman Emperor.

You are aware that an Embassy from the two kings of Siam has been sent to the English court. It is looked upon here as an English "dodge" got up to counteract the effect of the Burman embassy whorefused to lay their homage at the feet of Queen Victoria. The Embassy brings the queen, as presents, a crown of gold and a *lady's saddle*. The latter is evidently an English idea and of English manufacture for the Siamese ladies never go on horseback and consequently such articles are not manufactured in Siam.

The *Billancia* of Milan publishes a letter from Chuderlghnut, dated 5th September, and written by a pious missionary, Don Francesco Pozzi to his friends of which the following is an extract:

"In my other letters I gave you news of the two Convents of Agra and of Sirdanah. We have also a third, that of Scalkote, 500 miles northwest of Agra, and which is not far from the Himalayas. When the natives revolted here Providence watched in a special manner over the Virgins consecrated to God. Thus we have seen the insurgents themselves, enemies of Europeans, and who desire to see them all killed, taking care of the nuns. They defended them, and escorted them to the shelter of the fort whither all the Europeans were running in confusion and despair. All did not reach for I know not how many were killed in that flight, but the nuns, surrounded by the rebels, were protected by them to the very gates of the fort. Such is the report made by those ladies to the nuns of Bombay, who have transmitted it to ours. The heart of man is in the hand of God; He turns it as he wishes like a small stream under the gardener's hand. Up to the present it appears that but one missionary, Father Zachary, of the Order of Capuchins, has been killed at Meerut."

We can only reap as we sow, and if the English officials had treated the natives as the holy Catholic missionaries and pious and gentle religious have done, they would have never raised a hostile hand.

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CITY NEWS.

The Unemployed.—The cry for bread has resounded on all sides, and forms the only topic of discourse in this city. Throughout the country things are not in a much better condition. From the 26th of last month, the date of the Mayor's Message, urging on both branches of the city government the necessity of procuring immediate employment for the destitute, no action was taken on the matter until the evening of Monday, the 9th inst. On the evening in question, however, the matter was taken in hands, and an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars awarded for Central Park improvements. As Comptroller Flagg is busily engaged in rendering this sum available as soon as possible, and has besides advanced thirty thousand dollars for present purposes, the works will be proceeded with at once and employment afforded to some thousands. It is very unfortunate that at the present critical juncture the squabble about the Street Commissionership should have existed. Owing to this difficulty an immensity of labor is left undone. While factious politicians hold the creed that "party is imperative" and the acquisition of office above just demands, we despair of seeing anything done in that quarter. A nefarious but futile attempt has been made by General Nye, one of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners, to excite prejudice against the foreign-born population at a recent meeting of that body, by asserting in the course of a paper which he read before the members, that all this uproar, this cry for bread, emanated solely from them. The Mayor, who was present, stigmatized the assertion as "a gross, unjust calumny," and moved that the obnoxious passage be erased. The General battled hard in defence of his favorite passage, but eventually he was forced to succumb, and the obnoxious clause was erased and another substituted in its place. But the strangest portion of our history remains to be told. The General Government, at the instigation of some alarmists here, allowed itself to be bamboozled into the belief that United States property, in New York, was on the point of being attacked and borne away, and General Scott, on his way to Washington, was intercepted at Philadelphia, by a despatch from the President, ordering him to return forthwith. The General obeyed with alacrity, and the result was that a body of United States soldiers from Governor's Island, and the marines from the Navy Yard, were ordered into the city, with their arms, a supply of ammunition and cooked rations, sufficient to last twenty-four hours. It is unnecessary to say there was not the slightest necessity for all this. Had a riot been desired, no more effectual method for bringing it about could have been adopted. That wealthy Burghers and sleek Officials should both feel and express alarm, we are not in the least astonished; but that an experienced General Officer, a Brevet Lieutenant General in rank, should add to the general consternation by running about like an over-zealous Constable, or a giddy Subaltern of eighteen months' standing, holding war councils with Custom House Officers, is much to be deplored and astonishes us beyond measure. The march of troops of the line into this city last week we look upon as tantamount to a declaration of hostilities against the masses in the Park and Tompkins Square. It was, in fact, a throwing down the gauge, a direct challenge to come on. If workmen are in want of employment on the one hand, it is equally certain that there is a deplorable scarcity of brains and want of common sense on the other, and experience has proved conclusively that the former is far more easily procured than the latter. A word to the unemployed—it is this—avoid the councils of all who would incite you to a breach of the peace. We fear there are some among you pregnant with sinister motives—deep designing knaves, more bent on the gratification of their own evil designs than your advancement. They are few in number, we admit, but still such exist. Another class to be avoided is the enthusiastic reformers, the disciples of exploded doctrines. Now these latter, though certainly less culpable than the former, are equally to be avoided. Such of you as can at all leave the city, do so without delay; for though work is undoubtedly scarce in the country, there is no danger there of starvation.

The Worth Monument.—The first stone intended for the Worth Monument was deposited at Madison Square on Wednesday, the 11th inst. It is said to be the largest stone ever trucked through the streets of New York, weighing over thirty tons.

The Cattle Market.—There was a large quantity of stock offered for sale last market day, but mostly of an inferior description. The demand was rather duller than for some time past, and prices about half a cent per lb. lower.

The erection of the new Arsenal to be located corner of Seventh Avenue and Thirty-fifth street, will be immediately proceeded with. It will be three stories in height, with a front of one hundred feet on the Avenue and two hundred on the street.

A poor German family, living at No. 44 Orchard street, was providentially saved from starvation last week. An account of its unhappy condition reached the ears of a police officer, who had them immediately provided for.

There were 382 deaths in this city last week,

EDUCATION.

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

PROSPECTUS.

SITUATED 8 miles distant from the City of New York, in an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson River, the Academy commands a most delightful view of the magnificent scenery for which that noble stream is so justly celebrated; whilst, at the same time, the location is one of the most healthy in the Union. The large and commodious edifice occupied by the Institution, having lately undergone some important improvements and additions to the original structure, cannot fail to ensure the comfort and convenience of the Pupils.

The age for admission into this Institution is from 6 to 12 years. Children under 6, or over 12, are not admitted.

Terms:

Entrance Fee.....$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum..180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents. Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

The following are extra, viz.: Instrumental Music $60 per annum. Spanish and German Languages, each $24.

Observations.

The Scholastic year is 11 months, commencing on the 1st of September, and terminating on the 1st of August. No Pupils kept in the Institution during the annual vacation, which is from the end of July till the 1st of September.

The Pupils will have holidays to go and visit their parents and guardians, at the following times: Christmas, Easter and the 4th of July, 4 days each.

Parents can visit their children on Thursdays, from 10 to 12 o'clock, A.M., and on Sundays, between the High Mass and Vespers.

In case of serious sickness, Pupils will be confided to the care of their parents or guardians.

Outfit.

Each Pupil is required to have the following articles, viz.: 1 suit of Uniform, which is a Blue Cloth Jacket, with bright buttons, black pants and blue cap; 2 suits of Clothes for every day wear; 3 Surtouts of light stuff as linen or muslin; 8 Shirts, 8 pairs of Socks or Stockings, 3 pairs of Drawers, 3 Night Shirts, 6 Napkins of large size, 8 Towels, 8 Handkerchiefs, 3 Cravats, 2 Caps, 3 pairs of Sheets, 2 Blankets, 1 Quilt, 2 white Coverlits and 2 pairs of Boots and Shoes. A Knife, Fork, Spoon, and Goblet of silver or composition; 2 Combs, coarse and fine, a Comb-rack, Hair Brush, Tooth Brush, Clothes Brush and Shoe Brush; a small Tin box for the Toilet articles.

Communications by Letter to be made to the Brother Superior. ag8 1y

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance.....$100 00
Washing.....12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above.....50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter.....12 00
Guitar " " 12 00
Painting and Drawing.....6 00
No extra charge for French.

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months.....$1 75
Commercial " " " 1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROBECRANS, D.D.,
jn6 3m *President.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desire l in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.

Preparatory Class, $28 per annum

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance. se19

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is.....$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin.....135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra.....15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum.....20
Music, per annum.....40
Use of Piano, per annum.....8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctor's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session.....$60 00
Stationery and Books.....7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding.....10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL

By P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'clock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY. *Principal.*

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known House of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

For further information and particulars, apply to P. O'CONNOR, Joliet, Illinois.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by
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1857.

PASSAGE FROM ANY PART OF GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND secured, at the lowest possible rates by the old established line, sailing from Liverpool for New York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonnage.*
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodles,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hadley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,000
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,800
OWEGO,	Stevens,	1,000
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,540
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,700
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton.	1,800

The Ships of this Line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any other Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the Proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular sailing days are 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunities for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

Remittances.

Persons wishing to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland.—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland.—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England.—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co., Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter, post-paid

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton Street, New York.
GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

Agents.—JNO. WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany St. Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN LYONS, Cohoes, N. Y.
T. O'HEA CANTILLON, Dubuque, Iowa.

OLD BLACK BALL LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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AGENTS.

69 SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

Arrangements for 1857.

PERSONS desirous of sending for their friends now residing in the Old Country, can make the necessary arrangements with the Subscribers, and have them brought out by the

BLACK BALL OR OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing from Liverpool punctually on the 1st and 16th of each month, or by first class American Ships weekly.

Should those sent for decline coming out, the money will be returned to the parties here, on producing the Passage Certificate and Receipt.

The "Black Ball or Old Line of Liverpool Packets" comprise the following magnificent and fast-sailing ships:

HARVEST QUEEN (new), COLUMBIA,
ISAAC WEBB (new), FIDELIA,
GREAT WESTERN, MANHATTAN.
ISAAC WRIGHT, YORKSHIRE,
NEPTUNE (new), JAMES FOSTER (new).

Provisions of the best quality are provided for Passengers, and served out, at the rate *per week* of 2½ lbs. of Bread or Biscuit, 1 lb. Flour, 5 lbs. Oatmeal, 2 lbs. Rice, ½ lb. Sugar, ½ lb. Molasses, and 2 oz. Tea, to each Adult Passenger.

We issue Drafts at Sight for any amount on the *ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND AND DUBLIN*, And on

MESSRS. ROCHE, BROTHERS, Dublin;
MESSRS. PRESCOTT, GROTE & CO., Bankers, London.

Which are paid in all the towns and cities in Great Britain and Ireland, free of discount.

Apply or address, if by letter (postpaid),

ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY,
69 South street, corner of Pine, New York.

Please recollect the name and address, ROCHE, BROTHERS & COFFEY, 69 South street, near the Wall street Ferry.

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" Solomon, Stugis & Co., Janesville, Ohio.
" Kellogg, Fitzgerald & Co., Oshkosh, Wis.
" Barry & Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.
" Bryan, Gardner & Co., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
" Darling & Co., Bankers, Green Bay, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Fond-du-Lac, Wis.
" Darling, Wright & Co., do. Menasha, Wis.
" A. & D. O'Brien, St. Louis, Mo.
" G. C. Whitney & Son, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. S. D. Hungerford, Banker, Adams, N. Y.
" E. B. Newkirk, Bank of Rondout, Rond't, N. Y.
" M. O'Grady, Canajoharie, N. Y.
" Bernard K. Fallon, Hartford, Conn.
" Michael Ivory, West Troy, N. Y.
" A. A. Cody, Middleton, Conn.
" Edward H. Bunker, Chicago, Ill.
" Patrick Morrisey, New Haven, Conn.
" P. Sheahan, Lowell, Mass.
" Thomas Keogh, Milwaukie, Wis.
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BLACK STAR LINE

OF

LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE Subscriber, continuing the business of the late firm of Samuel Thompson & Nephew, is now prepared to bring out Passengers at very low rates by this favorite Line, composed of the following splendid Ships sailing from Liverpool every week:

Jeremiah Thompson,	Lucy Thompson,
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Star of the West,	Calhoun,
Excelsior,	Henry Clay,
Sardinia,	Orient,
Conqueror,	Empire State,
America,	City of New York.

These ships are mostly new—having been built expressly for the Line—with superior accommodation for passengers—sailing punctually as advertised, and make remarkably short passages, and bringing out all our passengers promptly; and if they decline coming out, the passage money will be returned, as usual, without deduction.

Drafts at Sight can also be had on any amount on all the branches of the Bank of Ireland, and National Bank of Scotland; or R. C. Glynn & Co., Bankers, London, and on C. Grimshaw & Co., Merchants, Liver pool. Apply to

SAMUEL THOMPSON'S NEPHEW,
Old Established Passage Office, 275 Pearl st., N. Y.
Or to C. GRIMSHAW & CO.,
10 Goree Piazzas, or 50 Waterloo road, Liverpool.

TAPSCOTT & CO.'S

General Emigration and Foreign Exchange Office,

No. 86 South Street, New York,

AGENTS FOR

TAPSCOTT'S LINE LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Arrangements for 1857.

THE Subscribers will continue to issue Passage Certificates for persons coming from the Old Country for their favorite and unequalled Line of Liverpool Packets, and also for the X Line of London Packets, on the same favorable terms as heretofore; and they also draw Drafts as usual for large or small amounts, payable at sight, throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, and Germany. jan19

LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

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SAILING Days of this Line of Packets, 1st, 6th, 11th, 16th, 21st, and 26th days of each month, composed, in part, of the following magnificent Ships:

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